

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 589.—Vol. XXIII.

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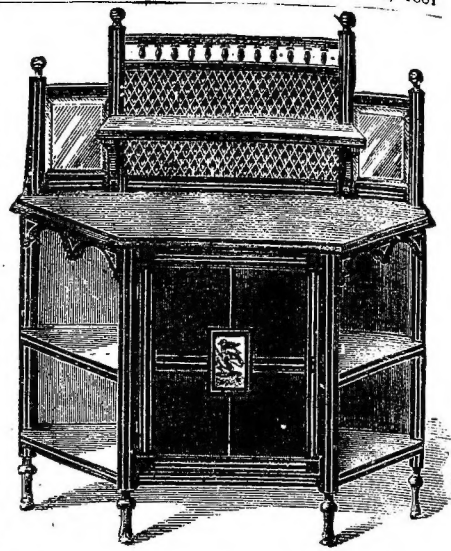
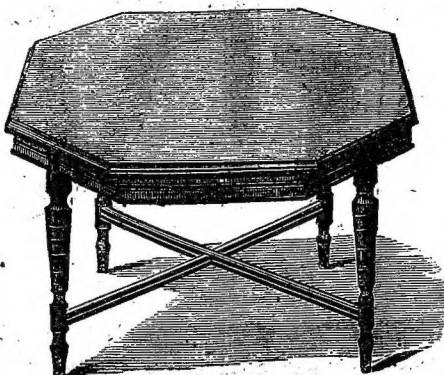


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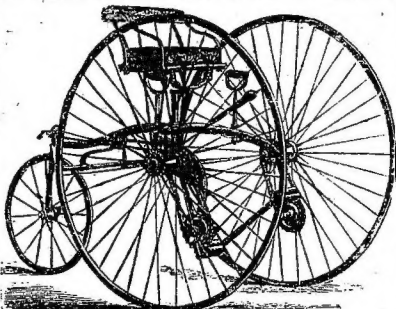


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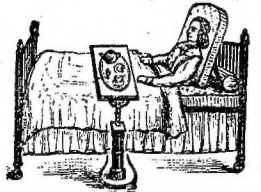
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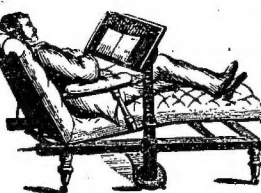
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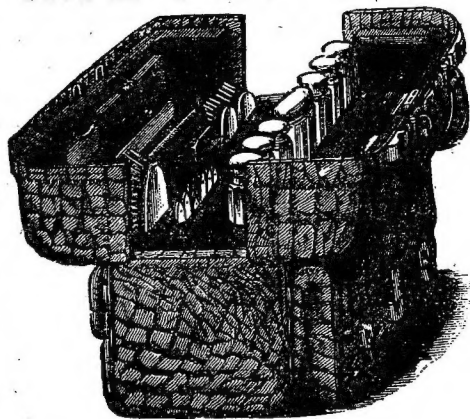
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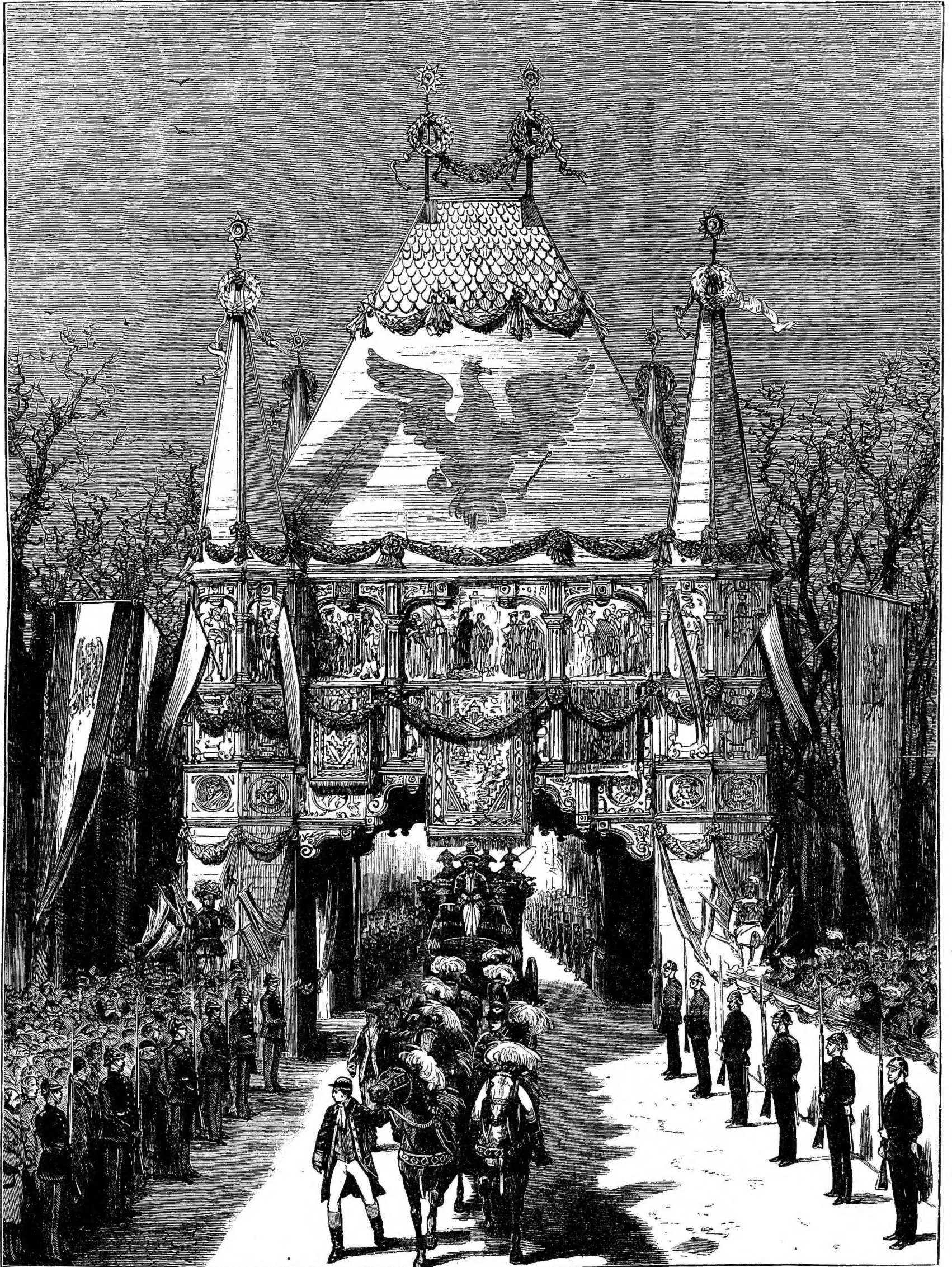
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

No. 589.—VOL. XXIII.  
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper ]

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [ PRICE SIXPENCE  
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN—THE CORTEGE PASSING THROUGH THE MEDIAEVAL GATE IN BELLEVUE AVENUE





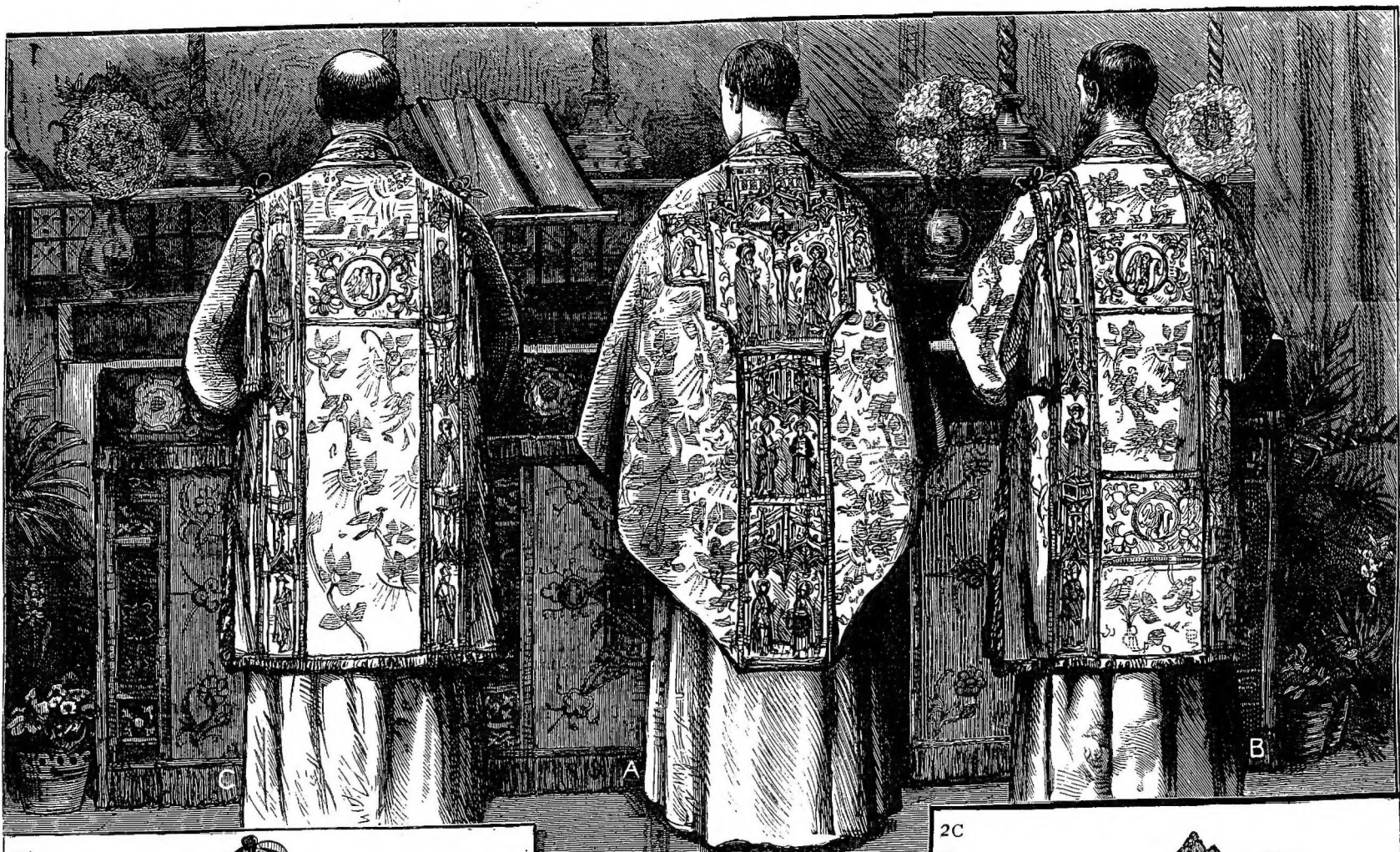


At 1.30 P.M. on the 4th inst. a terrible shock of earthquake, lasting seven seconds, was experienced at Casamicciola, followed by a second and milder shock after the lapse of an hour and a half. Says the *Pungolo*, "A fearful noise was suddenly heard. The people in the houses were suddenly buried in their ruins; those who were out in the streets, bewildered and dismayed, stood speechless at the terrible spectacle, and then screams of terror and shrieks of agony were heard on all sides." The whole upper



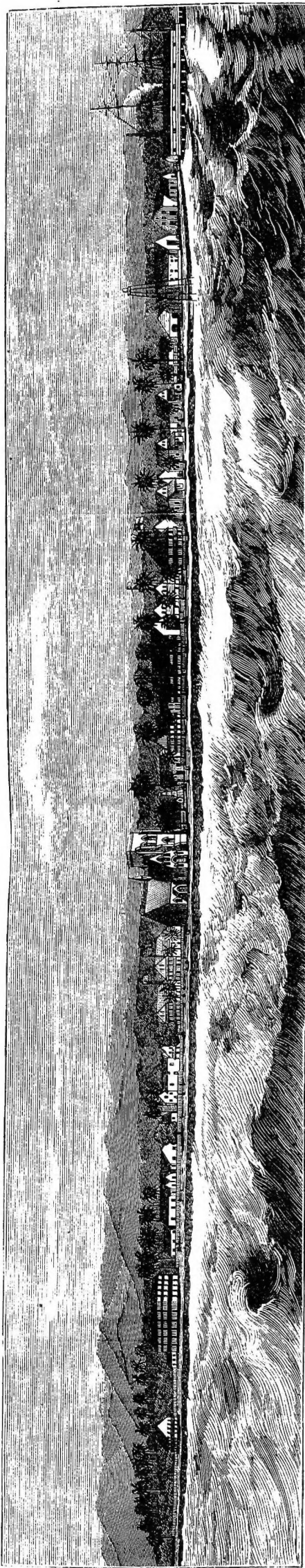


A PROCESSION AT EVENSONG

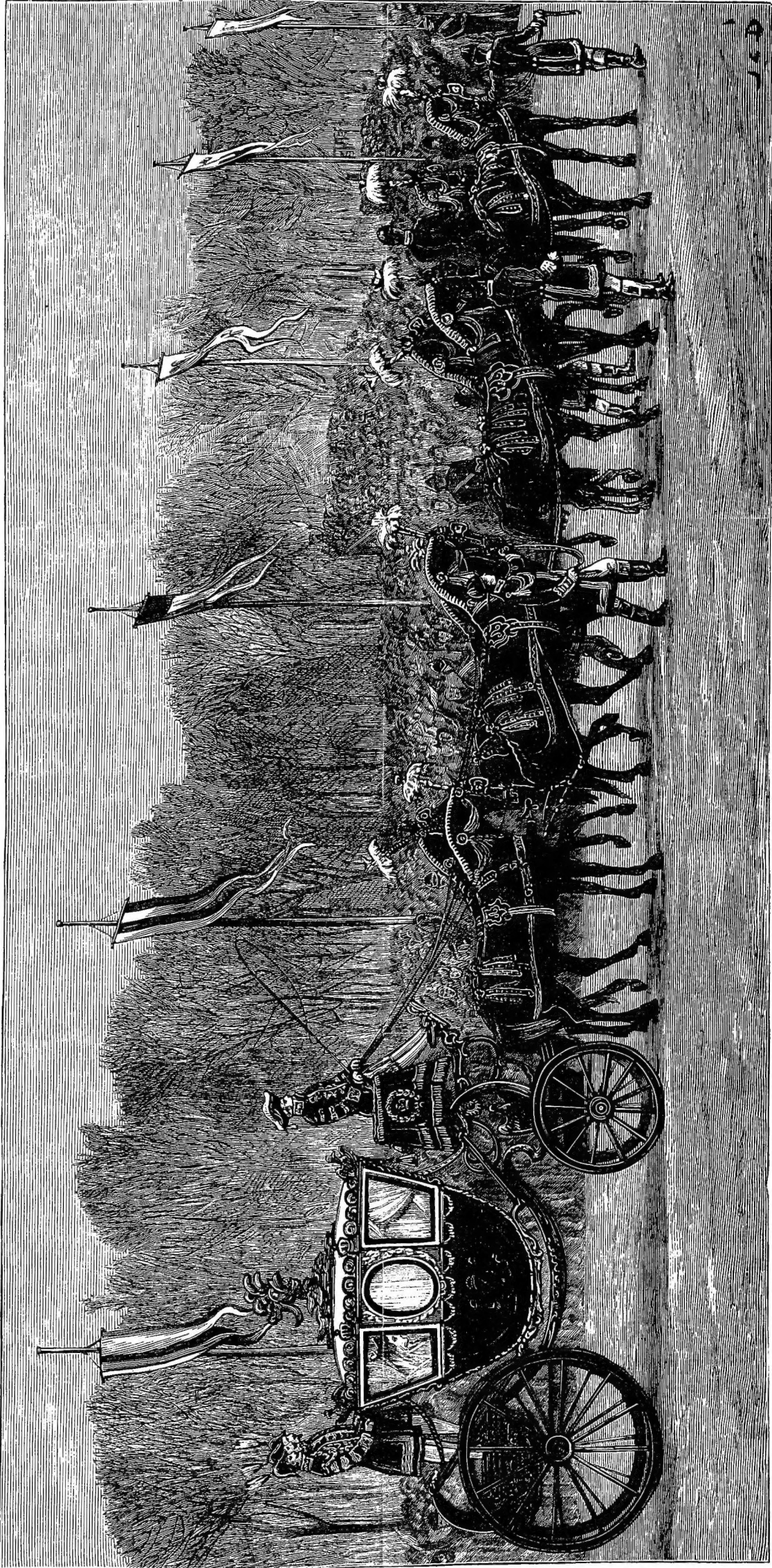


1. THE PROSCRIBED VESTMENTS : A, The Chasuble ; B, The Dalmatic ; C, The Tunicle.—2. THE PRESCRIBED VESTMENTS : A, Priest in Cope and Biretta ; B, Priest in Surplice, Hood, and Stole ; C, Bishop in Full Canonicals.





THE PROPOSED PANAMA CANAL—VIEW OF COLON, OR ASPINWALL, THE TERMINUS OF THE INTER-OCEANIC RAILWAY



THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN—THE BRIDE'S STATE CARRIAGE



part of the town was destroyed. A great fissure opened in the streets, ending in an abyss which had engulfed houses, men, women, and animals; 160 dead bodies have already been recovered, many of still lie buried, numbers of persons are wounded, and 3,000 out of the 4,000 inhabitants are shelterless. As the seismographic instruments on Vesuvius showed no sign of disturbance, Professor Palmieri was inclined to attribute the catastrophe to a local cause, namely, a sinking of the ground caused by the continual working of the mineral waters, just as the pumping from the Cheshire salt mines has caused the soil there to subside. But it would seem that the Ischia disaster was after all due to a genuine earthquake, as on the 3rd inst. a severe shock was felt at Berne and in other parts of Switzerland. Subscription lists have been opened at Rome and Naples on behalf of the sufferers at Casamicciola.—Our engravings are from sketches by the Rev. R. F. McLeod, of Little Massingham, Norfolk.

NOTE.—In a small portion of our issue the date of the Royal Marriage at Berlin is erroneously given beneath the picture as March 6th instead of February 27th.



IRELAND.—The Coercion Act is now in full force, but as yet the results do not appear to be of a very sensational character. Several counties and districts have been "proclaimed," an apparently superfluous formality, if *The Times* is right in the statement that "arrests can be made in any part of Ireland." The offenders already arrested are comparatively small fry, the most important being Mr. Michael P. Boyton and Mr. John Nally, who are "reasonably suspected" of inciting people to commit murder; and Mr. Joseph B. Walsh, Chairman of the Castlebar Land League. Mr. Boyton is of Irish descent, but an American by birth, and the United States Minister will probably be asked to interfere on his behalf. All the prisoners are lodged in Kilmaham Gaol, Dublin, where they are to be treated very differently from ordinary prisoners, as is indeed but just, seeing that none of them have been convicted, or even tried. They are allowed to meet in a common room for six hours each day; free conversation, newspapers, and smoking being also permitted, and they are not limited to prison diet. Mr. Dillon is still at large, and as defiant in speech as ever, although it is said that he lives in hourly expectation of being arrested. Arrangements are being made for the holding of Land League meetings in every county on Sunday next (to-morrow). Several fresh outrages are reported, among them the brutal murder of a farmer near Mullingar, who lived some hours after being shot, but who declared his inability to say who his assassins were, though he saw and spoke to them. The opening of the Assizes disclosed nothing to create much alarm. At Drogheda the Lord Chief Baron was presented with white gloves. In Meath Lord Chief Justice May described the county as in a satisfactory state, and declared that it was deplorable that there should be a Coercion Act at all, and emphatically added that there was nothing in the condition of Meath to justify the extension of the Act to that county.

THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The news that an armistice had been agreed upon between Sir E. Wood and M. Joubert has somewhat lulled the agitation amongst English sympathisers with the Boers, several indignation meetings which were to have been held this week having been abandoned by the promoters. On Saturday, however, two significant gatherings took place, one being that of the Westminster Liberal Union, at which the war was denounced as revolting to the conscience of the country, and the Government was declared to be taxing to the severest extent the loyalty of their party; and a resolution was adopted recommending a suspension of hostilities and the submission of the dispute to the arbitration of some neutral Power. The other meeting was of delegates from many Radical associations convened by Mr. Cowen, M.P., to consider the best means of uniting the working men's organisations of the kingdom in a movement for the promotion and settlement of the various pressing political and social questions of the day. A committee was appointed to draw up a programme of a policy which will include "justice to the Transvaal," and "justice to Ireland," together with demands for manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, and payment of members. Mr. Cowen bitterly denounced the "caucus" system, "which had made the present House of Commons the most slavish ever known." The National Reform Union of Manchester, at a meeting held on Tuesday, adopted a resolution protesting against any further prosecution of the war, and calling on the Government to disregard mere military prestige, or any considerations but those of absolute justice in making terms with the Boers. Mr. Childers has issued a circular appealing to the editors of newspapers to exercise careful supervision over all telegrams from South Africa, so as to avoid the publication of information which may be of use to the enemy, and the premature announcement of intended military appointments. He does not, however, complain of any reports which have already appeared, but, on the contrary, thinks that great credit is due to the editors and correspondents for the assistance which they have given to the Government, as well as to the public, in rapidly collecting and publishing information, as a rule both accurate and useful.

GENERAL SIR F. ROBERTS on Thursday had an audience of the Queen at Windsor, and en route to the Castle visited Eton College, where he was presented with a sword of honour, subscribed for by the students, who received him most enthusiastically, and on his departure unyoked the horses from his carriage and dragged him in triumph as far as Windsor Bridge. On Saturday the General and his staff left London for Dartmouth by the Flying Dutchman, Lady Roberts accompanying him. At Paddington, Bath, and Exeter the station platforms were crowded with spectators, who cheered heartily, as also at Dartmouth, where an address from the Corporation was presented, and the town band and church bells played as the steam ferry took him out to the *Balmoral Castle*, which lay in mid-stream. The *Balmoral Castle*, which sailed at 6 A.M. on Sunday, having been detained by a heavy fog, takes out, besides the General and his staff, about 430 soldiers as drafts for the different regiments now serving in Natal, and also a number of private passengers, amongst whom are the members of the Dutch Red Cross Society. The *Granville Castle*, another of the Donald Currie Line of mail steamers, left London on Tuesday with troops for Gibraltar, where she will embark the 41st Welsh Regiment for Natal; and other troops have been despatched in the *Egypt*, the *Roman*, and the *Thames* transport steamships.

THE GOVERNMENT AND CANDAHAR.—A public meeting was held on Wednesday at Knightsbridge, under the auspices of the Patriotic Association, to protest against the intended abandonment of Candahar. Lord Elcho, who presided, said that he did so only on the assurance that the gathering was of a national and not of a party character, and being neither a soldier, nor an Indian official, nor an official politician, he could not speak on the subject as an expert. There was, however, a singular military agreement in favour of the retention of Candahar, and as for the moral phase of the question, it seemed to him that we ought to remain there and fulfil our engagements with the inhabitants. Amongst the other speakers were Sir R. Peel, Sir R. Temple, Sir W. Palliser, Col. Maleson, and the Earl of Dunraven. The meeting unanimously

adopted a resolution to the effect "That our abandonment of Candahar would be a breach of faith with the inhabitants who have welcomed and supported British rule, and leave them to anarchy and oppression; while order and good government will follow its retention, and Candahar, under British protection, would become the great emporium of commerce, and the centre of civilization for all Central Asia." The National Liberal Federation, in a circular, calls the attention of all the federated associations to the resolutions passed on Friday last by the House of Lords on the Candahar question, which it attributes to their desire to injure the Ministry, a desire which will probably lead them to oppose land reform both in England and Ireland, and to insist on the annexation of the Transvaal.

THE WEATHER in London and the South of England has greatly improved during the last few days, and the appearance of swallows on the coast of Cornwall has heralded the advent of an early spring. In Scotland, however, it has been very different. On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday a violent storm raged on the north-east coast, and a fearful list of wrecks and deaths is expected. Between Wick and Montrose alone no fewer than twenty-three vessels "have been lost and about 150 seamen drowned. The lifeboats as usual did good service under immense difficulties, saving many lives; while at Montrose a brave coastguardman named George Williams, seeing that the crew of a Norwegian vessel did not understand the use of the rocket-line which had been thrown to them, swam out to her and saved four of the crew, the remaining two having reached the shore without assistance. In another case an imperilled crew owed their lives to the skill of a fisherman, who threw a stone with a line attached across the wreck after the rocket apparatus had failed to perform the task. Inland there have been heavy snowstorms, blocking all the railways, and burying several trains for many hours, the passengers suffering great privations. Hundreds of men were engaged in clearing the lines, some of which were still blocked up to Wednesday last.

TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL.—At a meeting of the Common Council, held last week, Mr. Bedford made a long and in some respects startling statement respecting the Temple Bar Memorial. What the Committee saw as a model was very different, and the griffin was not at all like the one which now surmounts the structure. The cost of the whole, including the statues of Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, was originally estimated at 5,000*l.*, but ultimately at 11,000*l.*, and he was never more astonished in his life than when the City architect told him that he thought the whole business would have passed over without the question of cost being repeated, and added that the moment he had been put in communication with Royalty it doubled the expense. Mr. Jones, the City architect, being called upon to explain his conduct in the matter, said that the question of cost had been carefully left out when it was first agreed to erect the Memorial, and declared that, thinking more of the honour and credit of the Corporation than of their money, he would have spent some hundreds of pounds more if he could thereby have done them greater justice. After some discussion the matter was referred back to the Committee to ascertain whether the charges were fair and reasonable.—Mr. Firth, M.P., is about to introduce a Bill into Parliament, the object of which is to restrict the powers of the Common Council to erect unsightly statues and structures within the precincts of the City.

THE LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.—On Friday last the Lord Mayor opened the new buildings erected in the Hampstead Road for this institution, which for about seven years and a half has been located in Gower Street, where the principle of non-alcoholic treatment upon which it was founded has been practically and successfully tested. It was stated that during the above-mentioned period many severe cases, both medical and surgical, had been treated with marked success, and that though provision had been made in the rules for the use of alcohol as a drug, should the medical staff consider it necessary in any particular case, this had only been done once, and then without benefit to the patient.

AT LEICESTER on Sunday, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, speaking at the opening of a Secular Hall which had been erected at a cost of over 4,000*l.*, referred to the actions brought against him for voting in the House of Commons, and stated that up to the close of the last session the amount of the penalties was 45,000*l.*, which he had been increasing by about 4,500*l.* a day. At many of the churches and chapels in the district sermons were preached on the social and moral tendencies of Atheism.

THE DALSTON RAILWAY COLLISION.—The finding of the coroner's jury in regard to this fatality is that it resulted from a mistake in the signalling, but how such mistake occurred there was not sufficient evidence to show. Possibly the Board of Trade inquiry may throw more light on the matter.

THE VENTILATION OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY was the other day discussed before a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The proposition to construct shafts into the streets at various points along the line of route was opposed by the Corporation of London, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Westminster Board of Works, the Commissioners of Sewers, the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, the authorities of the Temple, and some private objectors, but ultimately the company obtained power to carry out their scheme, subject to the sanction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the proviso that if openings were made within 100 yards of the Temple property, any dispute arising therefrom, should be referred to arbitration.



ON Monday the House of Commons took up Committee on the Arms Bill, the Second Reading of which had been carried at an unexpectedly early hour on Friday night, the long debate having suddenly collapsed. Some interest pertained to the occasion from the fact that the Bill was in charge of Sir William Harcourt. As yet the Home Secretary has had no opportunity of displaying his latent abilities in the delicate matter of conducting a Bill through Committee. Now, owing to the absence of the Chief Secretary in Ireland, the right hon. gentleman found himself in charge of the Arms Bill. The Irish members gathered themselves together in just anticipation of a lively assault. But it is the unexpected that always happens, and the Home Secretary in charge of a Bill turned out to be quite a different person from the Home Secretary answering a question. He displayed none of the eagerness for the fray which has so frequently proved fatal to the peace of the House and the progress of business. He left the talking as much as possible to the Irish members, though interposing at the right moment. Above all, he showed himself open to conviction, and agreeably surprised the Irish party, whilst not offending the sense of members in other parts of the House, by making concessions in various directions.

On the whole the evening passed over with a placidity that did not altogether relieve it from the charge of dulness. Amongst the most curious incidents of the evening was the abstention of Mr. Parnell from active participation in the discussion. That mysterious "business" which recently called the hon. gentleman to Paris seems to pursue him at Westminster. Whatever it be it leaves him no time to attend to the interests of the country he is always so eager to serve. It is to be hoped that when he visits Ireland he will not find

it necessary to explain his silence to his constituents by the declaration that Mr. Gladstone's arbitrary and tyrannical conduct prevented him opening his mouth. He wandered to and fro about the corridors, occasionally visiting the Ladies' Gallery, dined in leisurely fashion, and once towards midnight looked in for a few minutes, and offered a few remarks on the business before the Committee. This done he went away, and was seen no more during the sitting.

Whether when he fled thus soon "he bade the rest keep fighting" is not known. But certainly they hammered away at the clauses of the Bill, introducing innumerable amendments, and taking divisions wherever there was an opening, and sometimes where there appeared to be none. Not many members remained seated to hear the discussion. It was the dry husks presented once more for refreshment, "the thrice-boiled colewort," of which long ago Mr. Carlyle spoke in infinite scorn of Parliamentary verbosity. By these means the night was so far lengthened that when, at one o'clock in the morning, progress was reported, it was found that only one clause of the Bill was agreed to. Numerically, this was not much; comparatively it was a great deal, the Committee on the earlier Bill having taken nearly a week to dispose of a single clause.

On Tuesday the debate was resumed, the Home Secretary again occupying the place of leader on the Treasury Bench. Mr. Forster was also there, but he did not interfere, not even opening his mouth in the debate till between one and two o'clock in the morning. Whereupon he was instantly attacked by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who with a noisy manner and a coarseness of address which is earning him a prominent place in the race for precedence with Mr. Healy, denounced the Chief Secretary as a doer of dirty work, and added to the long list of comparisons by likening him to a mixture of Fouché and Tartuffe. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Forster, by this time case-hardened, permitted this Parliamentary Billingsgate to pass without notice.

Bad as it seems it was but the languid swell of the ocean after an angry storm. The storm had burst forth about nine o'clock, and in some respects exceeded much that has gone before in the same line. The Committee had sat all night listening to the Irish Members with a patience that to the disinterested onlooker is simply marvellous. Mr. Finigan, rising at a time when it was thought a particular incident was closed, was greeted with a groan of despair, half humorous, but not without melancholy meaning. To this Mr. Finigan lightly responded by characterising the ebullition as "heastly bellowing." This is a phrase which Mr. O'Donnell sought an opportunity of reminding the House had once been used by O'Connell. What advantage was to be gained from this interposition if it had succeeded is not clear, since O'Connell was ordered to withdraw the words, just as Mr. Finigan now was. Doubtless Mr. O'Donnell desired to lighten the course of debate by relating the story at full length, and showing how, when called upon to withdraw, O'Connell, contending that "bellowing" was not unparliamentary, withdrew "heastly," parenthetically adding that he "never heard any bellowing that was not heastly." Mr. O'Donnell, however, was not permitted to complete his narrative, or barely to enter upon it. The point of order had already been settled, and the attempt to discuss it was a fresh Parliamentary offence. Mr. O'Donnell, however, persisted, cheered on by the Parnellites, one or two of whom honourably strove with him in the race to defy the Chair.

After a scene of indescribable uproar the Chairman "named" Mr. O'Donnell, and the House was cleared for a division. Hereupon the war broke out afresh under new conditions. It is one of the most curious parts of the manifold etiquette of the House, that members desiring to speak to points of order when a division has been called may do so only if they remain seated with their hats on. This condition is obviously inconvenient for any particular member who desires to catch the Speaker's or the Chairman's eye. Now there were at least half a dozen of the Irish members who evidently desired to tread on the coat tails of the inoffensive Chairman. If any one of them stood up he would have been out of order. So they remained seated, as nearly as possible on the edge of the bench, with hats pressed over their brows, and shouted at the top of their voices, "Mr. Playfair! Mr. Playfair!" Mr. Biggar was in some difficulty, not being in the habit of bringing his hat into the House. It was also felt that since he has been twice named further conflict with the Chair might be attended with irreparable consequences. Mr. Biggar's noble spirit was not to be restrained either by the absence of his hat or the terrors of suspension for the remainder of the Session. His matchless voice was heard above the roar shouting "Mr. Playfair! Mr. Playfair!" whilst hon. members near him, solicitous for his safety, tried on hat after hat in the hope that one would fit and cover his position.

All this time members were slowly filing out to the division, which accomplished, announced Mr. O'Donnell's doom by an overwhelming majority. The incident having arisen in Committee it was necessary that the proceeding should be confirmed by the full House. The Speaker was accordingly sent for, and the matter formally reported to him. Mr. Parnell, who had been hastily brought in, attempted to dispute the Chairman's ruling on a technical point of order. But this failed, and by a second division, during which the Irish members, seated and hatted, recommenced their conversation with the Chair, the sentence was confirmed, and Mr. O'Donnell with ceremonious obeisance left the House.

In the mean time business had, of course, fallen into the background. Now it was taken up amid conditions of quietude and monotony the more striking by sharp contrast with this uproarious scene. The Committee remained in session till two o'clock in the morning. By this time very trifling progress had been made, and on Wednesday afternoon it was found necessary to take refuge in the Rule for hastening conclusions with Obstruction. At three o'clock in the afternoon discussion was stopped, the amendments were put one by one, and so the Bill passed through Committee, pursued to the last by the uproarious opposition of the Parnellites.

#### ADVANCED RITUAL IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

OUR further illustrations of "Advanced Ritualism" represent a "Procession" along the aisles of a Ritualistic Church at Evensong, and "Proscribed" and "Prescribed" Vestments. The Evensong Procession is made a great feature in many churches, and is very popular with many of our young people, to say nothing of their seniors. Processions vary somewhat in detail in different churches, but in all cases follow some particular "use," or ecclesiastical authority. Our engraving represents a "procession" after a well-known type. It is headed by the "Crucifer" (Cross-bearer) in girded Albs, with Amice, and Dalmatic, with taper-bearers in girded Albs, with Amices, on either side of him. Next comes the "Thurifer" (Incense-bearer) with the "Boat-bearer" (the "boat" being the incense receptacle), both in girded Albs with Amices. The Priest then follows, in Surplice (no stole), Biretta, and Cope, an acolyte in surplice on each side holding up the last-named vestment. During the whole procession the Priest's hands are held together in the symbolical attitude of prayer. After the Priest comes one of the choirmen in surplice, carrying a banner, and then follow several couples of choirboys in surplices. After them another banner carried by a choirman, followed by couples of choirmen, also in surplices. A third banner succeeds, and the procession is brought up by clergy in the priests and deacons wear copes in the Evensong Procession. Hymns are sung during the whole time the Procession is making the peregrination of the church. Ecclesiastical processions were said to have been first instituted by St. Chrysostom at Constantinople, who organised them to counteract those of the Arians, who



went to their meetings outside the city singing heretical anthems in procession. Chrysostom, to prevent these perverting the "Catholics," set up counter-processions, in which the clergy and people marched by night, singing prayers and hymns, and carrying crosses and flambeaux.

The three figures standing in the "Eastward Position" (1) at the altar, represent the "Celebrant" (A) in a Chasuble, the "Deacon" (or Gospeller) (B) on his right in a Dalmatic, and on his left the "Sub-Deacon" (or Epistoler) (C) in a Tunic. These are the "Proscribed" vestments, or those forbidden by recent judgments. The Chasuble (*casula*), or outermost garment, is among the oldest vestments used at the service of the altar, and seems to have been an adaptation of the Roman *pinula*. The shape of that in use in the Eastern Church differs somewhat from that in use in the Western, in which latter it is cut away laterally, so that the arms of the priest are more exposed. The Dalmatic was from very early times the characteristic dress of the "Deacon" at the administration of the Holy Eucharist. It is a robe reaching down to the knee, and open at each side for a distance, which has varied at different periods. It is not marked at the back with a cross like the chasuble, but in the Latin Church with two narrow stripes, the remains of the *angusti clavi* worn on the old Roman dress. In the Greek Church it is called *colobium*, and is covered with a multitude of small crosses. It received its name from being the regal vest of Dalmatia. The Tunic of the Sub-Deacon is a simpler form of the Dalmatic.

"The 'Cope' (*Cappa*) (2A) is simply a kind of 'cloak' ('The 'cloak' that I left at Troas."—2 Tim. iv. 13). It reaches from the neck nearly to the feet, and is open in front except at the top, where it is united by an embroidered strap (or "morse"), or a metal brooch, generally highly jewelled. The front aspect of the Cope is shown in Fig. 2C. According to the Ridsdale and Purchas judgments, all clergy in Cathedral and Collegiate churches are "directed" to wear Copes, as indeed they are by one of the Canons of the Church, but strange to say at the present moment, when Ritualists are branded as law-breakers, only about three Bishops and only a very few Deans obey the "direction." Curiously enough, too, one of these Deans is a well-known opponent of Ritualism. The "Biretta" is forbidden by one of the Canons of the Church, but after much argumentation by legal luminaries, it has been decided that it may be worn if called only a "Skull-cap" and not a "Biretta." The "Preacher," Fig. 2B, is vested in surplice, stole, and hood, the latter a Cambridge B.A. hood, though not worn in exactly the usual way. The Bishop (Fig. 2C) is in full canonicals, with mitre on his head, gilded alb (without lace), amice, and stole, which is not crossed, but hanging down in the ordinary manner. The "crook" of the pastoral staff is held outwards, and three fingers of the right hand (symbolical of the Trinity) are held up in the act of "Benediction." Another curious ecclesiastical, or perhaps we should say ecclesiastical, anomaly of the present day is the ordinary dress of the Bishops, called by the profane the "maggie costume," for which there is really no legal authority. At the opening of Convocation too at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bishops wear in procession what are called "Convocation robes," which are a curious mixture of the Episcopal "black and white" and the D.D. scarlet hoods and gowns. Their lordships—with all reverence, however, be it said—thus present a "vestmental" appearance quite as astounding to some eyes as that of ultra-Ritualists, brought about as it is partly by clerical, partly by University, and partly by "fancy" vestments, for which latter to some extent aesthetic tailors have to answer.

We regret that for want of space we are unable even briefly to describe certain other vestments, &c., which have been mentioned in this and our former article; and we would also beg of our numerous correspondents not to deem us discourteous in declining to enter into the questions alluded to in their interesting letters. If we have committed any errors in our previous article, we must submit to their corrections; but at the same time it must be remembered that the whole subject of Ritualistic Revival, especially as far as it is based on the "Ornaments Rubric," is one of the very greatest difficulty; and notwithstanding the immensity of learning and argument expended upon it, and the "judgments" delivered, including the last famous "policy" judgment, is very far from being exhausted or settled.



THE company of little performers who are now playing in *Les Cloches de Corneville* at the Gaiety Theatre every other afternoon are more numerous and not less remarkable for their talents, both in acting and singing, than the Liliputian troupe who lately represented *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the Opera Comique. They consist of two companies—the one trained by Mr. Charles Bernard, who is the responsible director of the enterprise, and the other by Miss Lizzie Gilbert. If we mistake not they have already appeared in the country; but in London, at least, they have hitherto been unknown, and their performances constitute a welcome addition to the entertainments of the metropolis. The gravity with which these clever children set about the serious business of the opera is only equalled by the spirit and vivacity with which they interpret the lighter and more humorous scenes. Little Miss Carrie Coote who appears as Serpolette, Miss Alice Roe who represents Germaine, and Master George Hodgson who appears as Jean Grenicheau, especially distinguish themselves. The close copy of Mr. Shiel Barry's *Gaspard the Miser* by Miss Nelly Howitt is infinitely diverting. The entire opera is performed—the entertainment occupying the whole afternoon.

Miss Jennie Lee has once more made her appearance at the OLYMPIC Theatre in the character of Jo, in Mr. Burnett's version of "Bleak House." She is supported, as before, by Mr. Burnett in the character of the detective, and Miss Dolores Drummond in that of the French lady's maid. The company is, on the whole a very efficient one, and these representations seem likely to enjoy a renewed popularity. They are understood to be of a valedictory nature, Miss Lee being about to depart for America, to fulfil there a round of professional engagements.

Mr. Irving has just published an interesting programme of his prospective arrangements. In order to give variety to the entertainments at the LYCEUM Theatre he has, we learn, decided to withdraw *The Corsican Brothers*, the last performance of which will take place on Saturday evening, April 9,—its 188th representation. On Saturday, April 16, the summer season will commence, when, preceded by Mr. Tennyson's tragedy, *The Cup*, will be produced *The Belle's Stratagem*. Doricourt, Mr. Irving; Letitia Hardy, Miss Ellen Terry. On Monday, May 2, a series of special performances will commence, when Mr. Edwin Booth will appear, in conjunction with Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, in Shakespeare's tragedy, *Othello*. These special representations will be on each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. On these evenings of the first week, May 2, 4, and 6, Mr. Booth will appear as *Othello* and Mr. Irving as *Iago*. The following week, viz., May 9, 11, and 13, Mr. Irving will appear as *Othello* and Mr. Booth as *Iago*. *Othello* and *Iago* will continue to be thus alternated week by week during this special engagement. For these performances the prices for the

stalls, dress circle, and private boxes will be raised. On each of the intervening evenings, viz., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, during this special engagement, *The Cup* and *The Belle's Stratagem* will be played. It is further announced that the summer season will terminate at the end of July, and before its close Mr. Irving, in conjunction with Miss Ellen Terry, will appear in *Hamlet*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Charles I.*, and *Eugene Aram*.

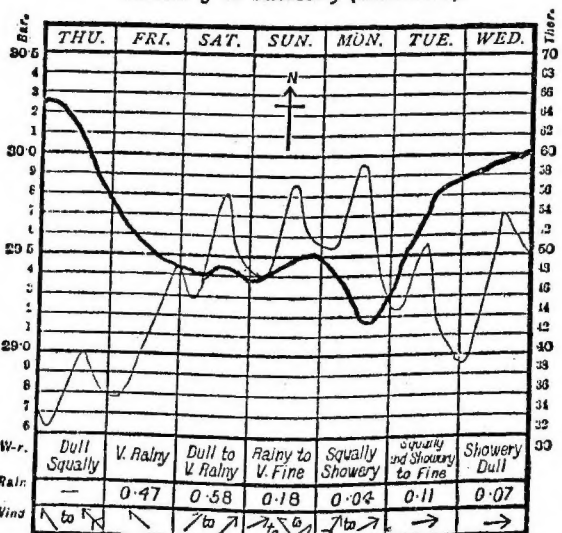
Mrs. Kendal, having happily recovered from the effects of her late severe accident, will re-appear this evening, at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre, in *The Money Spinner* and a *Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*.

The Russian spectacular drama *Michael Strogoff* will be produced at the ADELPHI on Monday evening. Mr. Byron, who has adapted the piece for the English stage, will represent a prominent character. —Miss Helen Barry, with a new company, will commence a series of revivals of modern plays at the IMPERIAL Theatre, commencing on Monday afternoon and evening next.—The comic opera entitled *Naval Cadets* will be revived at the GLOBE Theatre this evening.

It is stated by the *Daily News* that Miss Isabel Bateman is about to relinquish the management of SADLER'S WELLS Theatre; also that Mr. Toole has renewed for a considerable term his lease of the FOLLY Theatre, which popular little house will, therefore not be pulled down—at least just at present—for making additions to the adjacent hospital as lately announced.—A new version by Mr. Reece of the comic opera, called *Jeanne, Jeannette, and Jeanneton*, will shortly be produced at the ALHAMBRA. It will comprise a mythological ballet, in which Mdle. Palladino will appear.—Miss Litton is to appear at the COURT Theatre with a new company about the middle of September next; the theatre, however, will remain under the direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. A new play by Mr. Herman Merivale, called *The Lovers*, is one of the novelties promised.

KIDNAPPING.—Amidst a multitude of social mysteries which from time to time puzzle the public, and excite all kinds of marvellous conjectures, one of the most baffling is certainly the crime of "kidnapping." We do not, of course, refer to the vulgar form of child-stealing by tramps for the sake of the clothing worn by the little victims, or to those cases in which the child is requisitioned in order that it may be taught to beg or steal for the benefit of its captors, but to that less frequent kind in which the child is taken for its own sake, and where the thief believes, or pretends to believe, it to be her own offspring. Of this character was the charge brought against Mary Ann Atkins, Dr. Downes's nursemaid, and which has now broken down. When the girl was arrested last week she clung frantically to the child, declaring it to be her own, and told a most astounding story about Mrs. Downes having adopted it and gone through a sort of mock *acouchement* in order to pass it off as her own; and further that the same process had since been gone through with another baby which had been brought to Mrs. Downes by its real mother, a woman named Laura Perkington. On the other hand Dr. Downes denied these statements in the most positive manner, stating that the children in question were the fifth and sixth which his wife had borne to him. After the adjournment Dr. Downes applied for and obtained legal assistance from the Public Prosecutor, and yet when the case came the second time before the magistrate he abruptly retires from the prosecution because he "cannot support his case." The solicitor who defended Atkins and the man who was charged with aiding and abetting her, naturally demanded some explanation in order that his clients' characters might be cleared, but Mr. De Rutzen held that it was simply his duty to discharge the prisoners, and, to add to the mystery, Dr. Downes left the Court with the child which he had virtually admitted belonged to the woman whom he had accused of stealing it. If the child really belongs to Atkins, why does Dr. Downes wish to retain it? If, on the other hand, he still believes it to be his own, why allow the case to collapse? Then again, what can have been the girl's motive for taking the child, if her story is false; while, if it be true, what was it that induced Mrs. Downes to adopt an alien child, and to deceive her husband, if in reality he was deceived? which in itself is very difficult to believe, bearing in mind that he himself is a member of the medical profession, and the fact that no doctor or regular nurse was in attendance upon his wife at the time of the alleged birth. Whatever be the true explanation of this complex problem, it seems certain that full justice has not been done in the matter, and that further investigation ought to be made. If Mr. De Rutzen is correct in his idea as to the limitation of magistrates' powers in such a case, it is high time those powers were extended; and to those simple-minded persons who are in the habit of confounding law with justice, it must seem strange that the representative of the Public Prosecutor who appeared on behalf of Dr. Downes, did not turn round and battle with his quondam client as soon as he found how matters really stood.

# WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK MARCH 3 TO MARCH 9 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the first three days of this period a very deep depression lay off the south-west of Ireland, causing strong south-easterly gales in Scotland, and southerly gales over England and Ireland, with rough, unsettled weather generally. On Thursday (3rd inst.) a fresh south-easterly gale blew in London, with dull, gloomy skies, but on Friday (4th inst.) when the main depression began to throw off some small subsidiary disturbances, steady rain set in, and in the course of the next forty-eight hours nearly an inch was measured. On Sunday (6th inst.) the depression began to move slowly northwards, and the weather in London improved somewhat, but on Monday (7th inst.) it changed its course, and passed across the north of England, causing in its passage a fresh south-westerly gale and very showery weather. By Tuesday (8th inst.) the disturbance went away over the North Sea, but in its rear several small, shallow depressions appeared, and more showers fell. Similar conditions prevailed on Wednesday (9th inst.), and the reports from distant stations showed that no change to more settled weather could be expected just at present. Temperature at the commencement of the week, when a south-easterly wind was prevailing, was low, the maximum on Thursday (3rd inst.) being only 40 deg., but on the wind getting into the south-west the thermometer rose fast, and on Monday (7th inst.) it went as high as 50 deg. On Tuesday (8th inst.) however, the wind had become westerly, and the maximum reached was only 51 deg. The barometer was highest (30.27 inches) on Thursday (3rd inst.); lowest (29.17 inches) on Monday (7th inst.); range, 1.10 inches. Temperature was highest (59 deg.) on Monday (7th inst.); lowest (23 deg.) on Thursday (3rd inst.); range, 36 deg. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 1.45 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.58 inches, on Saturday (5th inst.).



BELGIAN SMOKERS are threatened with a new tax. The Government proposes to institute a license for smoking.

AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF LETTERS will shortly be published at Gotha—"Extracts from the Political Correspondence of King William (now Emperor), with the Prince Consort of England."

BRITISH HEADS are gradually growing smaller. Within the last quarter of a century the dimensions of the head have shrunk on an average one-seventh of an inch, at least so says a paper recently read before the Bristol Naturalist Society.

LENTEN PARTIES in Paris are held under certain restrictions. Operatic music or strains of a frivolous character are prohibited, and only classical music or oratorios are allowed, nothing but harmless syrups or tea may be drunk, and the sole games at cards approved of are a quiet rubber of whist, or of piquet.

"MADAME TROLLOPE'S FOLLY," a well-known old building in Cincinnati, is now being pulled down. It is a quaint, semi-English, semi-French building, which was built by Mrs. Trollope, the authoress, and mother of Mr. Anthony Trollope, when she visited America some fifty years since. She intended to establish a bazaar for the sale of fancy goods, but the scheme failed, and she speedily departed, publishing soon after her famous book on "Americanisms."

ADEN has recently enjoyed a mild scare about Russian spies. Some one was noticed to be hunting about, professedly botanising, and as nothing has ever been found on the barren rocks of Aden, this plea was treated with derision, and the suspicious individual was arrested. He turned out to be the Director of the Trieste Museum, a celebrated botanist, who was travelling in one of the Austrian Lloyd steamers, and had landed for the day, but he was not released until the Austrian captain had sworn to his innocence.

THE HUMOURS OF THE LATE INDIAN CENSUS continue to be reported by the Indian journals. Thus in the Darjeeling district the coolies firmly believed that a man from each house was to have his right arm cut off, and another prevailing idea was that a child was to be taken from each house and laid on the tramway as a sacrifice to the British Juggernaut, so that parents were careful never to leave a child alone in the house when they went out to work, lest it should be spirited away in their absence. The belief that each person would be marked extended to several other districts.

A MERRY SURPRISE PARTY, on the proper Transatlantic model, invaded the house of the American Consul at Vienna on Washington's birthday. Whilst the Consul and his wife were quietly chatting with a visitor, the *American Register* tells us, suddenly the door opened, and a file of forty spirits entered, representing Washington and his descendants, white robed, and bearing the national flag and traditional hatchet. After rushing all over the house, dancing, singing, and mystifying their involuntary hosts, the spirits unmasked and disrobed, mysteriously producing at the same time all the viands necessary for a good supper. They laid the table, enjoyed a good meal, and after much merriment donned their ghostly robes and masks, and departed as mysteriously as they came.

BROMPTON HOSPITAL.—The Bishop of Derry will preach a special sermon at Brompton Church on Sunday morning on behalf of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton. A sermon for the same object will also be preached in the evening by the Rev. H. White, Chaplain of the Savoy, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. The Rev. W. Covington, the Vicar, in his *Parochial Paper* for March, says that as this is the first occasion on which the cause of the hospital has been pleaded in the parish church, he earnestly commends it to the kind consideration of the congregation. The Vicar also states that a gentleman has promised a donation of 52l. 10s. (life governorship) upon condition that three other members of the congregation will do the same, and that a lady has promised 5l. 5s. annually upon similar terms.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,633 deaths were registered against 1,525 during the previous seven days, an increase of 108, but being 116 below the average, and at the rate of 23.0 per 1,000. These deaths included 52 from small-pox (an increase of 8, the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals containing 779 patients at the end of last week), 18 from measles (a decline of 4), 27 from scarlet fever (an increase of 7), 9 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 35 from whooping-cough (a decline of 6), 8 from enteric fever (a decline of 2), and 13 from diarrhoea (a decline of 4). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 419 (against 367 during the previous week, but being 44 below the average), of which 283 were attributed to bronchitis, and 75 to pneumonia. There were 2,620 births registered against 2,632 the previous seven days, being 20 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 37.1 deg., being 3.3 below the average.

MR. CARLYLE'S CHARACTER is curiously summed up by the American poet, Walt Whitman, who remarks that "Two conflicting agonistic elements seem to have contended in the man, pulling him different ways like wild horses. He was a cautious Conservative Scotchman fully aware what a fetid gas-bag much of modern Radicalism is, but his great heart demanded reform and change—an always sympathetic, always human heart, often terribly at odds with his scornful brain." He was "the most serviceable democrat of the age, his comment or protest against the fruits of Feudalism to-day in Great Britain is by far the most indignant, and the increasing poverty and degradation of the homeless, landless, twenty millions, the trade, and shipping, the clubs, and culture, and a fine select class of gentry and aristocracy, with every modern improvement, cannot begin to save or defend such stupendous hogghishness." Whitman regards Carlyle as possessing in some respects the best equipped and keenest British mind of the century. "But his ailing body affected much that he wrote. Dyspepsia is to be traced in every page, and now and then fills the page. One may include among the lessons of his life how behind the tally of genius and morals stands the stomach, and gives a sort of casting vote."

EMPEROR WILLIAM HAD A HARD DAY'S WORK on one occasion during the recent wedding festivities at Berlin. When receiving the congratulations of the Diplomatic Body, he was obliged to change his costume sixteen times in order to appear before each Ambassador in the uniform and decorations of the country represented by the Minister. Talking of the recent wedding, by the way, the new-married pair's home in the Stadt-Schloss at Potsdam, appears to be rather small and very plainly furnished, according to the *Cologne Gazette*. There are seventeen rooms altogether, reached by a very unpretending wooden staircase, and situated on the second story, the Prince and Princess having each their private sitting-room, close to which are a drawing, dining, and a reception room. The Princess's boudoir is the most cheerful of the suite, and looks out on the pleasure-garden and the quaint old steeple of the garrison church with its Dutch chimneys. The stuffy German stove is banished in favour of a cheery English open fire, and the room is hung with very simple but tasteful tapestry. The whole suite is shut in on one side by the rooms occupied by Frederick William III., which the Emperor will not allow to be disturbed, and on the other by Frederick the Great's spacious apartments, so that the space allotted to the young couple in the south-west corner of the palace is necessarily limited.





DUX OF HUNBURY  
PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES

CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN  
EMPEROR OF GERMANY  
QUEEN OF SAXONY  
PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES

PRINCESS CAROLINA MATHILDA

KING OF SAXONY  
EMPEROR OF GERMANY  
PRINCE OF WALES  
PRINCE CHARLES OF PRUSSIA

CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA  
PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF RUSSIA

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN—THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE CHAPEL OF  
THE ROYAL CASTLE,





**THE REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL.**—An armistice for eight days was concluded on Sunday between Sir Evelyn Wood and Commandant Piet Joubert. A conference was held midway between the British and the Boer lines, the British delegates being Sir E. Wood, Colonel Fraser, Captain Maude, and two other officers, and the Boers being represented by Messrs. Piet Joubert, Swart Dirk Uys, a prominent Boer adviser, C. J. Joubert, and C. H. Fouché, Mr. A. J. Forster acting as interpreter. The main object of the armistice was to allow time for President Kruger to reply to the late Sir G. Colley's letter, and the conditions were that neither side should make any forward movement from its present position, and that Sir E. Wood should be permitted to send eight days' provisions to the beleaguered garrisons in the Transvaal, the Boers undertaking to pass the provisions to the besieged troops. No warlike stores, however, were to be transmitted. The Boers wished also to stipulate that the reinforcements advancing to the front should halt, but Sir E. Wood demurred, and the point was not pressed. From the general tone of the Boers during the interview it is thought that they are desirous of peace, and it is generally stated that they are by no means inclined to carry on the war provided they could obtain favourable terms. With so large a British force as will shortly be assembled at Newcastle they admit they must eventually be beaten, and moreover it is reported that much sickness prevails amongst them, that their commissariat is imperfect, and that the bulk of the Boers are anxious to return home. Still in official circles the hopes of a speedy conclusion of peace are far from sanguine, as at present the Boers demand nothing less than absolute independence, and a complete amnesty of all the leaders, while the British Government's proposals fall far short of this. Another conference was to be held in a few days' time, when it was hoped that President Kruger and President Brand, of the Free State, who has been most energetic in forwarding the negotiations for peace, will be present. The feeling amongst the residents is considerably against any peace being concluded until we have made the Boers feel our military supremacy, as it is feared that otherwise the effect on the native mind will be most serious, and will give rise to great troubles in the future.

Meanwhile the reinforcements are being pushed forward as fast as the bad weather and the rough roads will permit, while from Newcastle waggons containing eight days' rations and medical supplies were forwarded on Sunday night to the garrisons of Potchefstroom, Standerton, and Wakkerstroom. Another outrage similar to that committed by the Boers on Captains Lambert and Elliot is reported. Drs. Barbour and Dyas are asserted to have been proceeding to the relief of the wounded under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, when on approaching the Boer camp they were arrested as spies. For three days they were tied to a waggon, and then were despatched across the border. An escort was told off to accompany them, and when the home boundary had been reached the Boers fired upon their prisoners, killing Barbour and severely wounding Dyas, who, feigning death, was left on the field, and was subsequently found and taken to Newcastle. The Boers have attempted to negotiate an alliance with the Swazies, but the tribe declined the offer, and communicated the proposal to the British authorities.

**AFFAIRS IN EASTERN EUROPE.**—The Porte still appears to be successfully pursuing its old policy of delay; and although the Ottoman delegates, Server and Ali Nizami Pashas, were appointed early last week, it was not until Monday that their first conference with the Ambassadors took place. The meeting was held at the British Embassy, and another delegate, Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, was nominated by the Porte. Turkey evidently does not relish having the onus cast upon her of making the first proposition; and before making up her mind as to the maximum of the concessions which she will offer, is manifestly striving to ascertain what the minimum may be which the Powers will accept. What took place during the first conference has not transpired, as the proceedings are conducted under the seal of secrecy; but it is announced that matters were not greatly forwarded beyond that ideas were exchanged as to the eventual concessions, though the Turks enunciated no formal proposals. A second conference was held on Wednesday with apparently no better result. According to one seemingly authoritative statement, however, the Porte has definitively decided to cede no part of Epirus; but to propose a new line of frontier, starting south of Metzovo, including Trikala and Larissa, and terminating at the summit of the Olympus range. While talking of peace the Turks are not ceasing their preparations for war, and both land and sea forces are being busily organised, while a powerful army of from 20,000 to 30,000 men is stationed in Thessaly.

There is an outbreak of plague in Mesopotamia. The authorities are doing their utmost to stamp out the disease, and have surrounded the villages with a double cordon of troops. Dr. Kabiades has been despatched to the stricken district.

**FRANCE.**—The great question of *scrutin de liste* is now the chief topic of the day. M. Gambetta has had a long interview on the subject with M. Grévy, who, it is well known, is as warm an opponent as the former is a supporter of the measure. It is stated that M. Gambetta warmly disclaimed any intention of setting up as the President's rival; but that M. Grévy, on the other hand, objects to the reflection passed on the present Chamber, which has done such good work for the Republic, by the insinuation that a return to the old system of voting would produce a more useful and patriotic House. "Let well alone," is M. Grévy's motto, and his opinion is shared by a very large portion of the Deputies, who moreover are by no means anxious to risk the chance of re-election by passing the electoral measure, from which they themselves now expect no benefit. Thus, if the Bill be carried, it will certainly be due to M. Gambetta's overwhelming personal influence. While waiting for the great battle on this question, however, the Chamber has been by no means idle. M. Clemenceau tried hard to raise another debate on the Greek imbroglio; but the matter having already been fully discussed, and the Government absolved from blame, the discussion fell very flat, and M. Clemenceau's proposed censure on the Cabinet was defeated by a large majority. There has been a heated debate on M. Raspail's proposal to restore the Pantheon, which is now a Roman Catholic church (Ste. Geneviève) to its original purpose—a burial-place for the great men of France. The proposal was accepted for consideration by 297 to 135 votes. Questions of tariff have mainly occupied the Senate, the only "incident" being a most enthusiastic ovation accorded to M. Victor Hugo in honour of his having entered his eightieth year.

PARIS has been chiefly occupied by financial matters, as it has been officially announced that the new Loan will be issued at 83 francs 25 centimes. The amount is for a million of francs (40,000,000*l.*), and the subscription will be opened on March 17. There is certainly plenty of money in France just now, and the high price of Rentes is causing people to invest in commercial undertakings which produce more interest for their money. Thus several well-known firms are converting their concerns into limited companies, with the frequent result that the shares have been subscribed several times over. To return to Paris itself. Considerable amusement has been caused by a quarrel between the proprietors of the *Gaulois* and M. Meyer, the editor, who was making the paper far too Legitimist for the liking, and probably the pockets, of his employers. The latter met in

solemn conclave last week, and summarily dismissed M. Meyer, who, followed by a dozen of the staff, is about to start a new paper, the *Carillon*. The *Gaulois*, having regained its "independence," will now become more Republican in opinion.—The forthcoming Electrical Exhibition is exciting considerable interest, and as England has decided to appoint no commissioner, M. Berger, the French Commissioner-General, has announced that he will take charge of the interests of all British Exhibitors.—There have been three first representations this week—a one-act versical piece *Pendant le Bal* at the Français, by M. Edouard Pailleron; a three act comedy, *Les Noces d'Argent*, at the Athénée Comique, by MM. Henri Crisafulli and Victor Bernard; and a comédie-vaudeville at the Déjazet, entitled *La Couronne Nuptiale*, by MM. Victor Bernard and Gabriel Ferry.—The well-known leviathan drapery establishment, *Le Printemps*, was burnt down on Wednesday. The loss is estimated at between 300,000*l.* and half a million, while more than a thousand persons are thrown out of employment. The fire engines are stated to have proved most inefficient, though the men worked admirably.

There has been a narrow escape from a serious balloon disaster in the South, where a balloon sent up from Nice on Sunday, with one aeronaut and two amateurs on board, drifted out to sea. A steamer was fruitlessly sent in search; but ultimately the three travellers were picked up by an Italian vessel when twenty-five miles out to sea, between Ventimille and Monaco, having been four hours in the water. All trace of the balloon is lost.

**GERMANY.**—Another of Prince Bismarck's sweeping measures has been introduced into Parliament—a Bill for altering certain articles of the Constitution so as to enable the Reichstag to hold two-yearly instead of yearly meetings, and the Government to introduce biennial instead of annual budgets. The asserted object of the Bill was to obviate the evils occasioned by the simultaneous sittings of the Imperial and Provincial Parliaments. The measure is opposed by the National Liberals, and there is a general tendency on the part of the Deputies to look upon it as a curtailment of the rights of Parliament, even the Conservatives being divided in opinion; and it is manifest that if Prince Bismarck really intends the measure to be passed he must have a return to better health, and come to the House himself to support it.

The emigration to the United States is now assuming alarming proportions. To avoid being stopped at Hamburg or Bremen by the police, numbers of young men desirous of escaping military service now sail from Havre or Liverpool, and whole villages are said to be migrating from Posen, Prussia Proper, and Schleswig. Illinois and Nebraska are the favourite destinations; but a German Socialist colony is being founded in Texas, to be reinforced by Germans from St. Louis, Chicago, and New York. The exodus is quite spontaneous, and is stated to be largely attributable to the failure of the rye crop, and the heavy duties on the importation of Russian rye.

The Transvaal War continues to be a fruitful theme of discussion in the Press, which is delighted at the probability of peace negotiations being definitively begun. The *Boersen Zeitung*, however, remarks that the defeat at the Spitzkop is another nail in the coffin of the Gladstone Cabinet, while the *Boersen Courier*, commenting upon the appointment of General Roberts to the supreme command, kindly remarks, "Upon this occasion we cannot forbear from wishing him total failure."

**ITALY.**—A terrible earthquake occurred in the Island of Ischia on the 4th inst., by which the town of Casamicciola, celebrated for its mineral baths, has been almost entirely destroyed. An account of the disaster will be found in "Our Illustrations" article.

A curious incident happened in Rome last week. At a Vatican reception an unknown cardinal appeared, and as it was noticed that he wore a moustache he was questioned. He turned out to be a madman, but so good was his disguise that before he was detected several ladies had kissed his hand and had received his benediction.

At Marsala there has been an attack on the Methodist chapel, owing to the minister having imprudently ordered placards to be posted about the streets announcing a religious conference. These placards were torn down, whereupon the minister reposted them, and paid men with sticks to protect them. A mob of fanatics then speedily collected, burst open and sacked the chapel, threw the books and furniture out of window, and then with a band and religious banner at their head, paraded the town, concluding their proceedings by compelling a priest to give them the benediction.

**INDIA.**—The evacuation of the Khyber will commence on the 15th inst., and will be completed in three days. Only the Sarai and the fort at Jamrud will be held by the British, Ali Musjid will be garrisoned by 100 Jezzailchies, and the others will either be handed over to the Kuki-Khel section of the Afridis, or dismantled. Thus the "scientific frontier," which cost so much to obtain, has now been definitively abandoned.

Major Currie has been acquitted by the court-martial of the charge brought against him of having neglected his duty at the battle of Maiwand.—The definite ruler of Candahar has evidently not yet been selected by our authorities. Ayoub Khan's emissaries are still in Candahar, while it is stated that Abdurrahman Khan is preparing to occupy the town after our departure.

**UNITED STATES.**—General Garfield officially assumed the office of President on the 4th inst., and has issued a long address which is more retrospective than prophetic. He congratulated the country on its past history and on its prosperity, and stated that the jurisdiction of the Union now covered an area fifty times greater than that of the original thirteen States, while the population had increased twenty-fold since 1780. The chief current topics to which he alluded were the importance of raising the negroes to the full rights of citizenship, the necessity for a full and free ballot, and also for education, so that all classes might be duly prepared for their responsibilities. "The census," he declared, "has already sounded the alarm in the appalling figures which mark how dangerously high the tide of illiteracy has risen amongst our voters and their children." The Panama Canal was lightly touched upon as "a subject which will immediately engage the attention of the Government with a view to the thorough protection of American interests," the Mormon question followed, General Garfield being strongly of opinion that Congress should put down the practice of polygamy, and the inevitable Monetary Standard and Civil Service reform questions were treated in a forcible manner. Washington was gaily decorated for the occasion, and the streets were thronged with visitors from all parts of the Union. General Hayes was the first to congratulate the new President after the oath of office had been administered. A monster procession of troops and civil organisations paraded before the White House, and a grand ball terminated the rejoicings.

The President has selected Mr. James G. Blaine as Secretary of State, and Messrs. William Windom, Wayne McVeagh, Thomas L. James, Samuel J. Kirkwood, Robert T. Lincoln, William H. Hunt, respectively for the Departments of the Treasury, the Attorney-General, the Post Office, the Interior, War, and the Navy. As Mr. Hayes was returning to his home in Ohio the train in which he was travelling came into collision with another. Several people were killed, but the ex-President was unhurt.

The reports of the British Consul on hog disease have created great excitement in commercial circles, and the most energetic denials of the truth of the statement have been issued. The British Consul at Philadelphia whose predecessor issued the report in question has promised to make further inquiries, and, if the statements are found to have been exaggerated, to contradict them.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—There is to be no war in ASHANTI after all, and it is now stated that the whole scare has been based upon a mistake, the King not having intended to declare hostilities. He has even sent messengers to Elmina to assure the British authorities of his peaceful intentions, and that the report of his designs on Axim were unfounded.—The cession of the district of Lourenco Marques by PORTUGAL to Great Britain has been confirmed by the Portugal Lower Chamber. The district in question is situated on the East Coast of Africa, south of Mozambique, and bordering on the Transvaal. It contains a sea-coast of 140 miles long, and an area of 18,000 square miles. The great feature of the district is the bay, which forms the best harbour on the South African Coast from the Cape of Good Hope to Mozambique.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice spent Saturday at Claremont with Prince Leopold, who has been slightly indisposed. The Duchess of Edinburgh was also staying there, and when Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor, the Duchess left for town. On Sunday morning the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. E. Capel Cure preached, and in the evening Lady Biddulph dined with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice went to St. George's Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor showed them the monuments lately erected there, Her Majesty inspecting the new inscription on the King of the Belgians' memorial, the site for the Prince Imperial's memorial, and the monument to Captain Wyatt Edgell. Subsequently the Queen gave audience to the Countess Karolyi, Lord Kimberley, and to Major Bromhead, elder brother of Major Bromhead of Rorke's Drift renown, who, on behalf of the officers of the 24th Regiment, presented Her Majesty with the staff and crown of the colours of the 2nd battalion recovered from the battle-field of Isandlwana. In the evening the Hon. Frances Drummond, Miss Evelyn Moore, Lord Kimberley, Lord and the Hon. P. Methuen, and Colonel Watson, were among the Queen's guests at dinner. On Tuesday Her Majesty knighted Colonel Baker, and invested him with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Military Division of the Bath. On Wednesday the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the Grand Duke Alexis visited Her Majesty. The two daughters of Prince and Princess Christian are now staying with Her Majesty.—The Queen has telegraphed a message of sympathy to Lady Colley, to whom Her Majesty will offer a suite of apartments at Hampton Court. Next week the Queen comes up to town, and next month her Majesty will go to the Isle of Wight for Easter.

The Prince of Wales left Berlin at the end of last week, after paying farewell visits to the Emperor and Empress and Prince Bismarck, while the Crown Prince and Princess and Prince and Princess William accompanied him to the station. The Prince spent two days with the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt, and arrived in Paris on Tuesday, when he entertained Lord Lyons at lunch, and went to the Théâtre Français in the evening. Leaving again on Wednesday night, the Prince arrived in London to celebrate his eighteenth wedding-day on Thursday, when a ball would be given at Marlborough House. The Prince will hold a Levée on behalf of the Queen on the 21st inst.—In accordance with the traditional custom the Princess has presented a horseshoe to Lord Aveland in commemoration of her recent visit to Oakham. The shoe is gilt, and bears a suitable inscription, while it has been hung on the Castle wall in the place chosen by the Princess.

The Duke of Edinburgh with his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexis, arrived in London from Berlin on Saturday night, being met at the station by the Duchess.—Princess Louise has gone to Italy. After visiting the Queen at Windsor, and Prince Leopold at Claremont, the Princess crossed on Saturday to Boulogne, spent the night in Paris, and on Sunday entertained several friends at dinner. Next day she left *via* Ventimiglia.—The Duke of Connaught spent Monday with the Fourth Dragoons and Third Infantry Brigade, practising outpost duties round the Fox Hills.

Princess Frederica of Hanover, now Baroness von Pawel Rammingen, has given birth to a daughter, and is doing well.—The Empress of Austria had a good day's run on Saturday with the South Cheshire hounds, and on Monday went to the meet of the North Cheshire, when no fox could be found, while next day she was again out with the South Cheshire.—Prince and Princess Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein, cousins to Prince Christian, are visiting London, and have lunched with the Queen.—The Duchess of Cambridge has lost her elder brother, Prince George of Hesse, who died at Frankfurt, aged eighty-eight.—Another Crown Prince has chosen his bride. Prince Gustav is going to marry the Princess Victoria, only daughter of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Duchess in her turn being the only daughter of Emperor William. The Prince is twenty-two years of age, is tall and dark like all the Bernadottes. His future bride is eighteen, and the young couple were both guests at the recent German Royal wedding.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has written to Earl Sydney begging him to offer her thanks to the inhabitants of Chislehurst for their kindness and sympathy during her residence there.



**THE DIVINE CALL TO NATIONAL HUMILIATION.**—Canon Jelf, preaching at Rochester Cathedral last Sunday, said that it would not be denied that the British Empire is passing through a sort of furnace of adversity. At home widespread disaffection and lawlessness, mysterious and awful crimes, fearful accidents, desolating floods, and the most terrible storms on record; while abroad we have suffered a series of defeats, called by the heathenish name of disasters. We have been humiliated in the three things on which we prided ourselves—our agriculture, our trade, and our arms; and though our Lord's words warn us against saying "These sufferings are God's judgments," when individuals are afflicted He does not forbid it where a whole nation is concerned. To say the least, we must suppose that we are being heavily chastened for our many national sins; and Bishops, clergy, and laity ought alike to move towards such a national humiliation as is required of us.

**ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS AND STATUTES.**—The House of Lords agreed, without a division, to the Archbishop of Canterbury's proposal to present an Address to Her Majesty praying for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts as created or modified under the Reformation Statutes of Henry VIII. and many subsequent Acts. The chief objects aimed at by the bishops in proposing the inquiry are a reasonable toleration and latitude of practice, and a simple, certain, and accepted procedure for the settlement of disputed points—two things the attainment of which even people



of the most sanguine temperament must admit is extremely problematical.

**ORATORIOS IN CHURCHES.**—A lengthy correspondence has just taken place between the Bishop of Lichfield and the Vicar of Tamworth with reference to a proposed performance of sacred music in the parish church, to which admission was to have been had by payment of half-a-guinea, and smaller sums, according to the position of the seats taken, the object being to raise a fund for the restoration of the church structure. His lordship in his final letter says that he looks with extreme disfavour on any project for raising money in such a way, for any purpose however excellent, and thus making the house of God into a "house of merchandise." With regard to the statement made by the Oratorio Committee to the effect that "no statute or decision of a Court of Justice has affirmed the illegality" of such a proceeding as was contemplated, his lordship reminds them that although this may be so, it does not by any means justify the proceeding itself. So far as he knows, there is no statute or legal decision which would prevent the erection of a refreshment stall, or the holding of a tea party or a bazaar within the church; yet he trusts that no clergyman would ever dream of permitting such unseemly, such profane conduct.

**THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBAN'S** has addressed a letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which he says that, "unless the country at large can be awakened to consider the consequences of leaving London and its suburbs in their present state of spiritual destitution, no man can foresee what within a few years may be the issue. In Berlin there is scarcely one-eighth as much provision in churches and pastors for the spiritual wants of the people as there is in London, and that city has witnessed a scene which he trusts neither we nor our children, nor our children's children, may ever witness—the funeral of an eminent Socialist followed by thousands to a cemetery over whose gates was written, 'There is no hereafter, and we shall never meet again.'"

**AGGRESSIVE RELIGION.**—Mr. S. Morley, M.P., on Tuesday laid the foundation-stone of a new Congregational chapel at Bromley, Kent, and delivered an address, in which he said that the Church, which declined to be aggressive, justified the suspicion that its members had ceased to believe. There was an immense field for active service to the Church open to young men and women in urging the claim of religion upon the poorer classes, who at present were comparatively indifferent to them. It was a startling fact that the churches and chapels throughout the country were on an average not more than half filled at any time. The reason that Nonconformists built churches, and maintained them at their own cost, was that they believed that the less the Government had to do with the religion of the country the better for the people.

**THE LORD'S DAY OBSERVANCE SOCIETY** are offering 200*l.* in prizes for the twenty best sermons on the Sunday Question.

**THE REV. R. W. ENRAGHT** has been served with notice of a motion to be made before Lord Penzance on the 26th inst. for his recommitment to prison.

**THE REV. T. PELHAM DALE** has, it is stated, accepted a living in the diocese of Lincoln. The living of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, which is thus vacated, is worth 300*l.* a year, and is alternately in the gift of the Primate and the Bishop of London.

**THE REV. S. F. GREEN**, of Miles Platting, whose rectory furniture was a fortnight ago seized by bailiffs for the non-payment of the costs of his recent prosecution, has now been made the subject of a writ of attachment, returnable at the next Lancaster Assizes, in respect of his alleged disobedience to Lord Penzance's inhibition.



**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—At the concert on Saturday, No. 5 of the Schubert Symphonies (in B flat), was performed in such a manner as to reveal all its beauties. Here Schubert leans more to Haydn and Mozart than in any other of his orchestral works. He had not as yet extricated himself from what it has become the fashion to designate "their trammels"—and a good thing too, since it enabled him to produce a little masterpiece, all melody and symmetry, with not a bar *de trop*. This was its third performance under Mr. Manns, and we may add, its best. Herr Joachim played Beethoven's violin concerto magnificently, and was accompanied by the orchestra with a precision and delicacy that must have satisfied the great violinist himself, exacting as he is known to be on this especial point. We cannot enter into details, but it would be unjust not to bestow a word of unqualified praise on the perfect manner in which the first bassoon (Mr. W. Wotton), and the two horns (Messrs. Wendland and Keevil) executed the by no means insignificant parts assigned to them. That such a work and such an interpretation of it should excite enthusiasm was not surprising. Herr Joachim also played Schumann's Fantasia for violin with orchestral accompaniments, one of his latest but not one of his most effective works. The familiar "Rigodon," from Rameau's *Dardanus*, and a very original "symphonic-poem," entitled *Vltava*, a rhapsodical attempt to describe the various phenomena of the Bohemian river, Moldau, from its source in the forest to its broad passage through the city of Prague, were the other orchestral pieces. The last is from the pen of Friedrich Smetana, a Bohemian composer, who though distinguished in many ways is little recognised out of his own country. He was the master of Dvorak (or, as we call him, Dvorak). *Vltava* is an attractive but at the same time decidedly monotonous effusion. It was marvellously well executed. The vocalist at this concert was Mdlle. Orgenvi.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The recent concert of this energetically renovated society was devoted to Sir Michael Costa's second oratorio, *Naaman*, a more satisfactory performance of which could hardly have been desired by the composer himself, who conducted it. The leading vocalists (Mesdames Osgood and Patey, Miss Robertson, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Kenningham, and Santley), with the members of the chorus and orchestra, all exerted themselves strenuously to produce an *ensemble* which criticism might accept with little, if any, qualification. When one of the oratorios of Sir Michael Costa is produced, however, greater pains are usually taken than happens with the music of any other composer, from Handel to Mendelssohn. The popular Neapolitan has reason to be proud of the fact that his works should inspire all concerned in their performance with so much emulation to excel. The attendance at St. James's Hall was large, and the oratorio received with the customary applause, the trio, "Haste to Samaria," the contralto air, "I dream I was in Heaven," and the quartet, "Honour and Glory," being, as always, encoered and repeated. *Eli* was produced at Birmingham in 1855, *Naaman* also at Birmingham, in 1864, and another oratorio from the same facile pen was generally expected; but seventeen years have elapsed, but there are yet no signs of it.

**POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The programme on Saturday would have been interesting if only because the first piece was Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, which also inaugurated the first Monday Popular Concert ever given (February 14th, 1859). Another point to claim attention was the last appearance for the season of Madame Norman

Neruda, who not only led the quintet, but played Handel's sonata in D major with such perfect taste and unerring accuracy as to make the audience regret all the more deeply that they were taking leave of her for a lengthened period. She was accompanied in the sonata by Mr. Charles Hallé. Then Madame Schumann gave Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*, in her most vigorous and impassioned style, besides joining Madame Neruda and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's E flat trio (Op. 70)—as faultless an *ensemble* as could be thought of. Monday evening's concert began with the last of the six quartets dedicated by Mozart to Haydn (C major), one of those pieces that Herr Joachim most delights in playing, and in which he could hardly be better supported than by MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. The pianist on this occasion was Herr Barth from Berlin, who selected, for solo, Beethoven's sonata in G major (Op. 31), rendering it throughout with great spirit, and especially excelling in his delivery of the final *rondo*. Herr Barth was warmly applauded, and, being twice called back, further gratified the audience with one of the Harpsichord Lessons of Domenico Scarlatti. He also took part with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in Schumann's second trio (F major), and played the pianoforte part in a series of the Hungarian Dances of Brahms, to which Herr Joachim (Herr Barth's associate) has given additional zest by arranging them for violin and pianoforte. The singer on Saturday was Miss Marian McKenzie, a clever and promising pupil of Signor Randegger's, and on Monday Madame Isabel Fassett, who possesses a voice that, with cultivation, might help her speedily to eminence. This was especially shown in her delivery of an *aria* by Scarlatti. The German *Lieder* by Taubert (the last in particular) were less judiciously chosen.

**THE BACH CHOIR.**—The "Church Cantata" by J. S. Bach, composed for the Liebfrauenkirche at Halle, was an appropriate opening to the first programme for the season of this already recognised Society. As an example of the composer's earlier style it is highly interesting, but there is small chance of its becoming generally popular. The finest number is, perhaps, the quartet and chorus at the end, certainly a most imposing climax. Sterndale Bennett's eight-part chorus, with organ accompaniment, "In Thee, O Lord" (the first movement of an unfinished anthem), already given by the Bach Choir, was something like a relief after the cantata, not only because admirably sung, which can hardly be said of the other, but because of its serene and placid beauty. An unaccompanied motet by Palestrina; another by Vittoria, the Spaniard; the "Gloria" from Cherubini's Mass in D; Schumann's "Requiem for Mignon" (first time in England); Pearsall's six-part madrigal, "Light of my soul," and the superb *finale* to Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Lorelei*, made up a programme of unusual variety. The whole performance was conducted with musicianly skill by Herr Otto Goldschmidt. The leading singers in the cantata were Mdlle. Breidenstein, Miss Hope Glenn, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, Mdlle. Breidenstein sustaining the part of Leonora in *Lorelei*, and Mdlle. Lallemand and Mrs. Tuer, members of the Bach Choir, assisting in the *Requiem* of Schumann.

**MR. SIMS REEVES'S CONCERTS.**—The last of the series (on Tuesday night), was the most crowded and successful of the four. The programme differed little in character from its precursors, but its attractions were heightened by the co-operation of Madame Trebelli, who, among other pieces, gave "Aime-moi," a vocal arrangement by Madame Viardot of one of Chopin's mazurkas, and the *brindisi*, "Il segreto," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, in both of which she was encoered; while Herr Joachim adhered, as always, to his classical repertoire, playing a selection from Bach's *suile* in E, a *capriccio* by Paganini, and the *romance* from his own "Hungarian" concerto, all of which were as cordially appreciated by the "Ballad" audience as they might have been at the Monday Popular Concerts. Further than this he played the violin *obligato* part in "Salve! dimora," from Gounod's *Faust*, which was sung with genuine and unaffected expression by Mr. Herbert Reeves. Mr. Sims Reeves, besides joining Madame Trebelli in the duet from the last act of *Il Trovatore* (encoered), sang "Adelaide," "The Death of Nelson," and "In this Old Chuir," from Balfe's *Maid of Honour*—an opera written expressly for him during his first engagement at Drury Lane (1847-8), when Julien was lessee and Berlioz conductor of the orchestra. This being unanimously encoered, Mr. Reeves, to the great delight of the audience, gave "My Pretty Jane" as its substitute. He was in fine voice all the evening. The other singers were the very promising Miss de Fonblanque and the young barytone, Mr. Oswald. The solo pianist was Herr Coenen, and the "conductor" Mr. Sidney Naylor, Herr Barth accompanying Herr Joachim in his solos.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.**—Three new songs were included in Wednesday evening's programme—"All in All," by F. H. Cowen (encoered), "The Love of Long Ago," by W. H. Cummings (encoered), and "St. Mildred's Well" (with chorus for male voices), by Louis Diehl. These ballads are worthy the reputation of their composers, and as rendered respectively by Messrs. E. Lloyd, J. Maas and Signor Foli, brought down the house. Additional interest was attached to the first and last by the composers themselves accompanying.

**SOLDIERS' WIDOWS.**—A grand amateur concert, in aid of the Royal Cambridge Asylum, will be held at Kensington House on Tuesday next, at which their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, the Duchess of Teck, and the Duke of Cambridge have promised to be present. The Viscountess Folkestone, Lady Agneta Montagu, Lady Simeon, Miss Maud Holden, the Earl of Dunmore, and Lord Bennet will take part in the performance. The grounds of Kensington House will also be thrown open. Tickets and programmes may be obtained at Mitchell's Library, Old Bond Street.

**WAIFS.**—The concert on behalf of the Henry Smart Memorial Fund is to be held in the music-room of the Royal Academy on Monday evening.—The popular American soprano, Miss Emma Thursby, in association with the pianist, Robert Fischof, much esteemed in Vienna, has just concluded, under the direction of Maurice Strakosch, a successful tour through the principal German towns.—On the occasion of the recent Imperial nuptials in Berlin, Glück's *Armida* was selected for performance at the Opera.—In consequence of a family event shortly expected, Madame Pauline Lucca has been compelled to abandon her engagement for April at the Opera in Berlin.—Verdi is at Milan superintending the revival of his old and remodelled opera, *Simon Boccanegra*.—A new Conservatory is being erected at Liège, and a new theatre, big enough to accommodate two thousand spectators, will be opened at Alicante in April next.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller is to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts in Barcelona this season.—The order of St. Jago has been conferred by the King of Portugal on the celebrated contrabassist, Bottesini.—The French Government have voted 5,000 francs for the Popular Concerts at Angers.—Mdlle. Marianne Viardot, daughter of the well-known dramatic singer, Pauline Viardot Garcia, is about to marry M. Duvernoy, author of *La Tempête*.

**COAL** appears to be cheap in New South Wales. At Newcastle, the *Colomes* tells us, it sells for 8*s.* per ton.

**LOVERS OF DUTCH ART** will have a rare treat in the Exhibition of Flemish Paintings to be opened next Sunday in the King's Palace at the Hague for the benefit of the sufferers from the late floods. The pictures are chosen from the best private collections, and none have been publicly exhibited before now, the King and Queen of Holland lending thirty from their own gallery.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN OUR DISTRICT

THE unprecedented winter weather of January, 1881, will make the readers of *The Graphic* appreciate what is our normal condition in ordinary White Mountain (New Hampshire) winters. We have had a proportionate increase of cold, however, corresponding to the increase in Europe, and while Londoners are aghast at heaps of snow in the streets like dwarf walls three feet high, we are calmly contemplating drifts of ten and twelve feet, barns and out-houses blocked up to the roofs, and tunnels made to get to the animals, or carry the manure out in baskets. In the cities, even in New York, which is 200 miles to the south of our mountains, the snow heaps are nine feet high, piled up each side of the street, and cuttings regularly kept open at all the crossings. No one minds it much, every stable keeps as many "runners" as wheels, and every conveyance is capable of being transferred to these runners, so that, except for a few hours immediately following a serious snow-storm or a drifting wind, there is no interruption of communication or business. In our country districts, the main road in the villages is always open, though snow-walls may hem it in, but the out-lying parts, where hands are scarce, are rather isolated. This winter has been as remarkable for drifting winds as for the amount of snow fallen, so that as soon as a road has been dug out by main shovelling and hard work (oxen sometimes are used to do the first breaking), the wind covered up the tracks again, and made the road once more impassable. So the wood-hauling has been sorely interfered with for over a month, to the disgust not only of the sellers, whose best business is fuel-supplying, but of the unlucky villagers who depended on this supply. Coal is very dear, and has to be brought at least fifty or sixty miles by rail, and our railways are distinguished for the heaviness—almost prohibitive—of their freight tariffs. I wish I could describe the look of the Crawford Notch in these mountains, a splendid gorge, six or seven miles long, the great black and grey rocks glistening with huge, fantastic icicles, and the piles upon piles of snow, drifted and eddied like a frozen sea into a hundred odd shapes. The gorge is very narrow in spots, and the enclosing mountains on each side are from three to four thousand feet high.

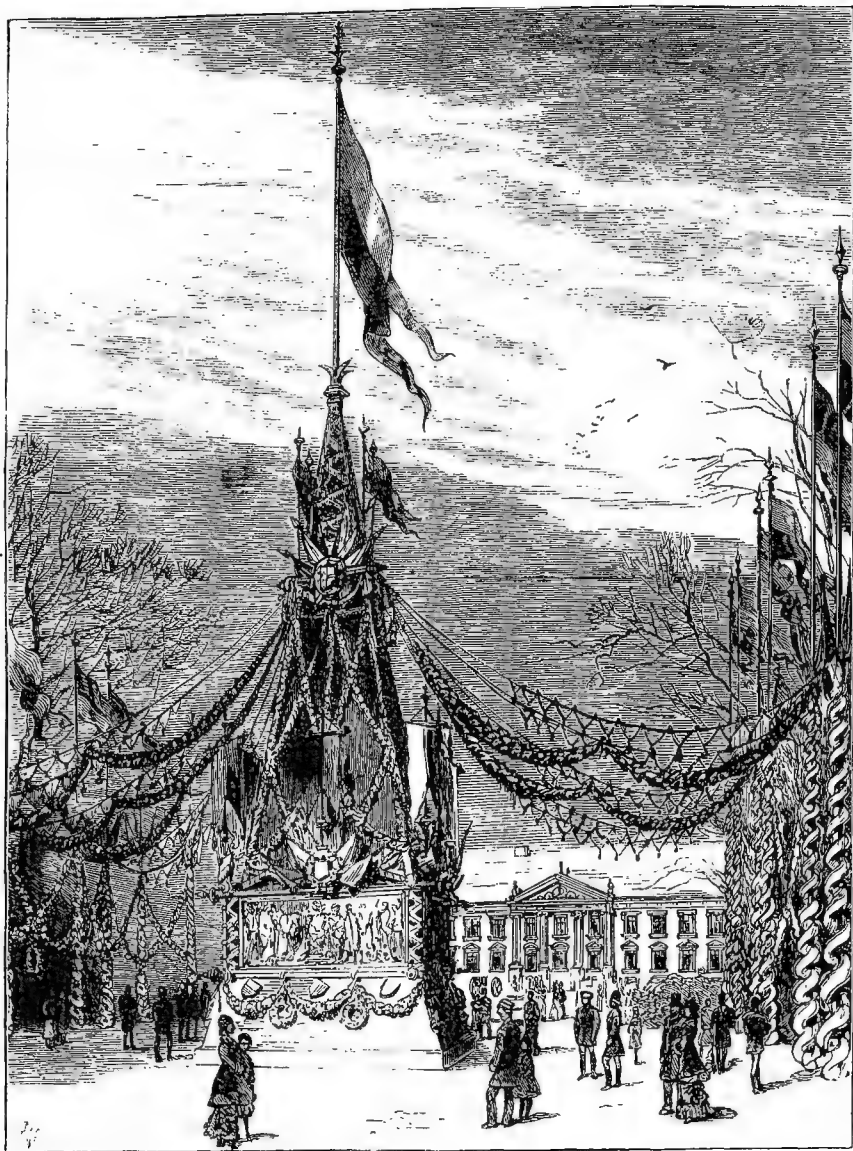
Perhaps Englishmen who have gone through this exceptional winter will begin to understand how we live, up in these back-woods, and how the necessities of cold weather stifle the chance of keeping up the etiquette of civilised life. One feels terribly reduced to animal needs and anxieties, and one's time is provokingly taken up in merely keeping oneself alive and warm. Yet we generally manage to get up some amusements, as the idleness of winter time is the chief opportunity for fun, the rush of work in summer keeping all but the children too fully occupied for such thoughts. Christmas, even in Puritan neighbourhoods, has come now to be recognised as an occasion for merry-making, and the people who in England would be called Dissenters are up to all the festive devices that have no religious meaning for them, and yet are outwardly attractive. Village wags intimate that there is a large accretion to each Sunday School about Christmas time, and a proportionate defection from attendance after New Year's. We are innocent of any Sunday School in our district, which, though but three miles from a large village pretty well known as a "summer resort," is a poor and typically backward one. I have never seen any Irish cabins, but I would venture to match some of our "shanties," with the famous dwellings of rural Connaught. Most people would think them scarcely fit for summer shelter for sheep, but nevertheless a crowd of pretty healthy children belong to them, though the more civilised villages reckon these urchins as "partridge," i.e., something more than shy. In summer the poor little things do part of the family's scrambling for money, by picking wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and fine luscious blackberries, and standing on the road side, offering the fruit for sale to the tourists in pretty baskets, platters, or boxes of birch-bark. This winter a few of the more travelled individuals in the neighbourhood had the bright idea of having a Christmas tree, a novelty in this district, where the children had never seen one.

So a week before Christmas, a meeting was called at the house of one of the neighbours to consider this question. School meetings and town meetings (we have kept to the old New England Puritan term for elections, and literally all the male inhabitants of a township do meet annually, to choose local officers, though elsewhere in cities, and most places, east and south, the election is more or less vicarious) are the only public precedents known to the inhabitants of these regions; and what with unconscious Puritan influences kneaded into the common forms of daily life, and the necessary ignorance that accompanies a hard struggle for existence, there is a solemn stiffness, a caricature of official gravity pervading any so-called public meeting. To an outsider this particular Christmas meeting would have suggested a funeral. A group of ten or twelve men stood mournfully outside the door, and only trooped in after the arrival of the principal member—a stranger, and though this stranger, a recent settler in the district, was the only moneyed man, he was the most silent and subdued of all until the preternatural solemnity of the gathering had relieved itself in set forms. First of all one of the men, in a sort of monotone proposed the oldest man present, a very gentle, quiet widower, as "Moderator," which was agreed to (as had been informally pre-arranged) by a low murmur, the few women present, mostly the host's own family, abstaining from any expression. Two of them sat knitting socks throughout the meeting. Then the "Moderator" took the floor, and in the same official monotone, proposed to form the committee, Mr. X— (the new comer), to be at the head, and wound up thus: "If such be your mind, gentlemen, make it manifest by holding up your right hand." All present held up their hands, and the same form of words was repeated four times, once for each member of the committee, after which one of the four elected began, rather more naturally and confidentially, to explain to the stranger, who seemed to be looked upon as a kind of final referee and arbiter, what they wanted to do, namely, to give the children a little amusement. They did not want him to work or do anything (one of them, the host, was very particular on this point), but to come and see that the tree was put up and the presents hung on "in good shape," and, as he was "ready with his pen," to write the names, and distribute the presents. He silently assented, and when all the preliminaries were thus over, and the crowded little room, nine feet square, and hardly high enough for a tall man to stand upright in, was getting very warm, and the company embarrassed and silent, he struck in with a few hearty words, and one or two jokes, which thawed the social ice, and had more business in them than the solemn proceedings just ended. Upon some one plaintively expatiating upon their all being so poor that "they were hardly able to crawl up hill," he said pleasantly, "Well, I wouldn't tell everybody so, it is just as well people should think you are pretty well off." Upon which the company laughed, as they did too, when he said, "Oh, as to arrangements, all those who have any presents to bring might leave them here, and if one had a stray twenty-dollar bill he had no use for, he might just leave that."

An American feature of Christmas trees, which I believe is not known in England, is the "Santa Claus," who distributes the gifts, and is required to make jokes and have ready "smart" sayings fitted to the occasion. He wears gaiters coiled round to his knees, and a tattered, large, old-fashioned coat, while a fur cap and a beard, serving almost as a mask, complete the traditional costume. He is supposed to be in great hurry, and just wants to see how the children

(Continued on page 262)





TROPHY IN FRONT OF THE BELLEVUE PALACE



THE BURGOMASTER WELCOMING THE BRIDE AT THE BRANDENBURG GATE

## THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN

## AN ARTIST'S NOTES AT HASTINGS

HASTINGS, with its glens, cliffs, castle, and fishing boats, abounds in picturesque material for the sketcher. Our view of the sea-front of the united boroughs of Hastings and St. Leonard's was taken from the side of the East Cliff, and comprehends Beachy Head, in the extreme distance, Pevensey Bay, the modern town of St. Leonard's, the Pier, Hastings, winding round the Castle Hill, and then the old fishing quarter in the immediate foreground.

The "net houses," mostly used by fishermen as storehouses for their fishing-tackle (and very heavily rated by the parish authorities) are rather rickety-looking wooden erections of every shade of rusty black. Some of them, built on four short piles, fixed somewhat obliquely in the shingle, and giving a sort of aspect of having their sea-legs on, may possibly suggest to wondering visitors the question, how they can possibly stand against the wind? But slanting as they do towards every point of the compass, they probably support one another and form with their varying lines of perpendicularity, a problem hitherto unsolved by the stormiest blast. A few of the houses are used as dwelling and workshop by artisans in a small way

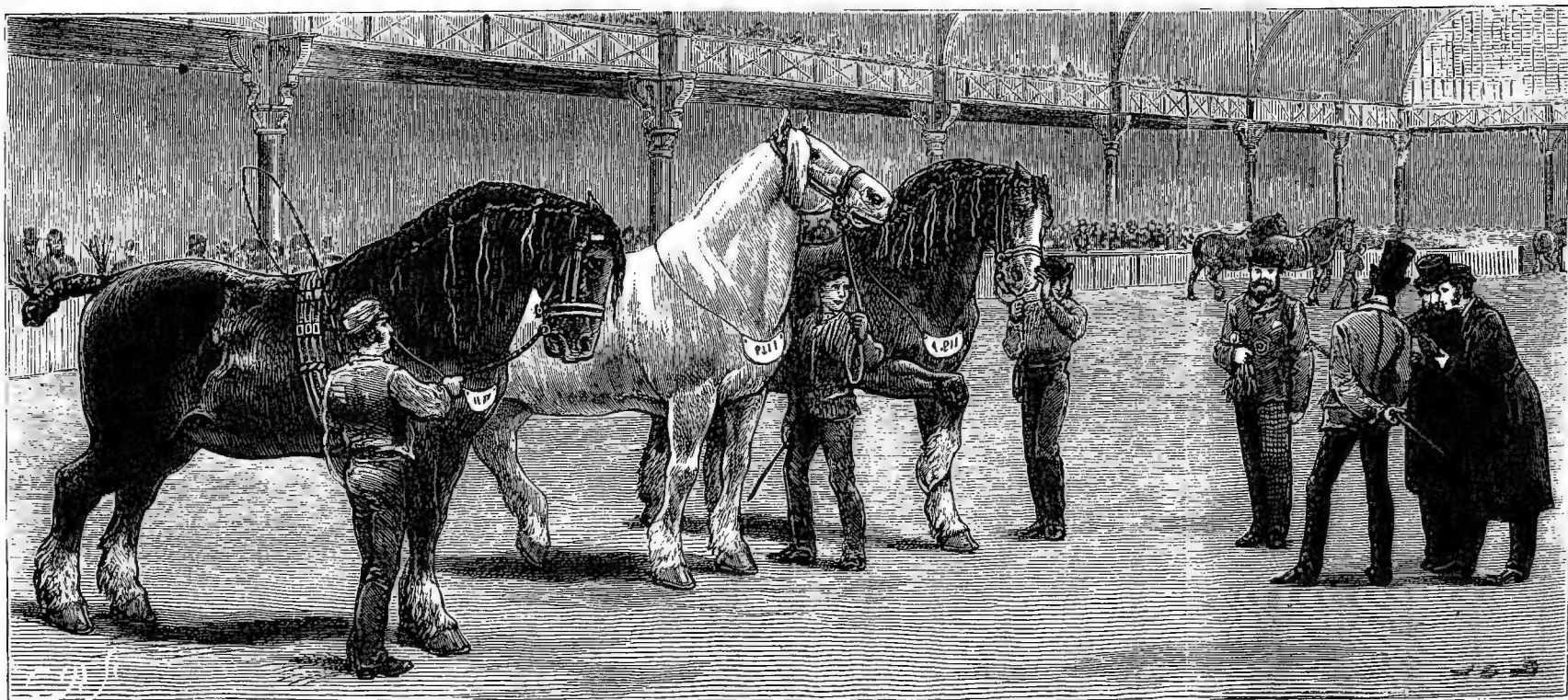
of business. One of these, a shoemaker, has inscribed above his door the title "Palais de Justice." Doubtless well-beaten French leather only is used here, with hobnails of superior quality. Another follower of St. Crispin has written "Beulah" upon his signboard. Other of the little houses belong to net-makers, who work on the beach outside their doors. Some of the nets used in the larger boats are three miles and a-half in length. As a well-made net costs thirty pounds, some idea may be formed of the ruin accruing to a boat's crew (who are frequently part owners of the craft) by the loss of their tackle in rough weather. After a night's work on the sea, the fish are carried from the boats in baskets by the fishermen, and thrown in heaps on the beach. A crowd of buyers collect, and they are at once sold to shopkeepers and agents. We have seen hundreds of soles purchased at a price that would average about twopence a pair. The men who risk their lives in the business are evidently not those who make money by it.

All Saints' Church is so happily situated above the old town, that scarcely a year passes without pictures of it being seen in one or more of the London art exhibitions. In this respect it rivals Bonchurch in the Isle of Wight. Its two most interesting historical

reminiscences are, that Titus Oates was its officiating minister in the reign of Charles II., and that, in the church books, is an entry of a sum paid to the ringers for ringing on the day of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots in 1578.

## THE LATE COLONEL PEILE, R.A.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND BREVET-COLONEL JOHN HENRY PEILE, of the 3rd Brigade, Royal Artillery, died in London on the 27th November last, having recently returned in ill-health from India, where he had seen considerable service. He was the eldest son of the Rev. T. W. Peile, D.D., was educated at the Woolwich Military Academy, obtained his commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1849, became First Lieutenant in 1851, Captain in 1856, Major in 1872, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1875, and Brevet-Colonel in January, 1880. He served in the New Zealand War of 1864-66, where he commanded a field battery of Artillery, and for which he received the War Medal.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, India.



THE CART-HORSE SHOW AT ISLINGTON—"AWAITING THE FINAL VERDICT"





DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"I speak what I mean, sir. Lord Eardesley will, if he takes my advice, play no more with you."

## THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### HOW THE DOCTOR WROTE TO KITTY

THE next morning at dinner, we heard the summons of the post-boy's horn, and Cicely presently ran in with a letter in her hand. It was addressed to me, in a large bold hand-writing, and was sealed with red wax. I opened it, and found a smaller letter inside it, marked "Private. For my niece's eye alone." So that both letters were from my uncle, the doctor.

"Your private letter," said Mrs. Esther, "doubtless contains some admonition or advice designed for you alone. Put it in your pocket, child, and read it in your own room. As for the other letter, as it is not marked private, it would be well for you to read it aloud, after dinner, and while we are eating one of my Lord Chudleigh's delicious peaches."

To this I willingly complied, because I greatly feared the private letter would contain some instructions concerning the secret which the doctor and I possessed between us. Accordingly, the dinner over, I began the perusal of my uncle's letter.

"MY DEAR NIECE,

"You will first of all, and before reading any farther, convey my dutiful respects to the lady by whose goodness you have been placed in a position as much above what you could have wished, as her benevolence is above the ordinary experience of mortals."

"Oh, the excellent man!" cried Mrs. Esther.

"I have to report that, under Providence, I am well in health, and in all respects doing well; the occupation in which I am now engaged having received a stimulus by the threatening of a new Act for the prevention of (so-called) unlawful marriages. The increase in the number of applicants for marriage hath also (as is natural) caused an increase in the upstarts and pretenders who claim to have received canonical orders, being most of them as ignorant as a butcher's block, and no more ordained than the fellows who bang a cushion in a conventicle. The clergymen of London complain that the parsons of the Fleet take away their parishioners, and deprive them of their fees: they cannot say that I, who never take less than a guinea, undersell them. You will be glad to learn that Sir Miles Lackington hath left this place. He hath lately received a legacy from a cousin of a small estate, and hath made an arrangement with his creditors, by virtue of which his detainers are now removed. Nevertheless, we expect him back before long, being well assured that the same temptation and vice of gambling, which brought him

here before, will again beset him. Yet he promiseth brave things. We gave him a farewell evening, in the which his health was toasted, and more punch drunk than was good for the heads of some present, among whom were gentlemen members of the Utter Bar, from the two Temples and Lincoln's Inn, with many others, an honourable company.

"It will also be a pleasure to you to learn that the ingenious Mr. Stallabras is also at large. Probably he, too, will return to us ere long. For the present his sole detaining creditor, who had supplied him for years with such articles of apparel (at second-hand) as were necessary for his decent appearance on the credit of his future glory, agreed to take ten guineas in full discharge of a bill for forty, which the poet could never hope to pay, nor the tradesman to receive. The calling of poet is at best but a poor one, nor should I counsel any one to practise the writing of verse unless he be a man of fortune, like Mr. Alexander Pope (unfortunately a Papist), or a Fellow of some substantial college, such as the Houses of Trinity, Peter, and Christ, at Cambridge, like Mr. Ray. Nor is there any greater unhappiness than to draw a bill, to speak after the manner of merchants, upon your future success and industry, and to be compelled to discount it. He hath now conceived the idea of a tragedy and of an epic poem. The first he will endeavour to produce at Drury Lane as soon as it is written: the second he will immediately get subscribed among his friends and patrons. Unfortunately he has already obtained subscriptions for a volume of verses, and, having eaten the subscriptions, cannot now find a publisher: in truth, I believe the verses are not yet written. This melancholy accident obliges him to seek for new patrons. I wish him well.

"It is, my dear niece, with the greatest satisfaction that I learn you have, with Mrs. Esther, gone to Epsom. The situation of the place, the purity of the air upon the Downs, the salubrity of the waters, the gaiety of the company, will, I hope, all be conducive to the health of that most excellent lady, your best friend—"

"Oh, the good man!" cried Mrs. Esther.

"To whom I charge you to be dutiful, obedient, and careful in the smallest punctilio. The cheerfulness of the amusements (if Epsom be the same as when I once visited it, when tutor to a young gentleman of quality) should communicate to her spirits something of the joy with which I could now wish her to regard the world. As for yourself, my child, I am under no apprehension but that music, gay companions, and your time of life will together make you as mirthful as is possible for human being. Remember, however, that happiness is but for a season: that mirth must never pass beyond the bound of good manners: and that when a woman is no longer young, the reputation she has earned as a girl remains with

her, even to the grave. Wherefore, Kitty, be circumspect. The town news is but little: the (so-styled) young Pretender is said to be moving again, but little importance is now attached to his doings, and for the moment the Protestant dynasty seems firm. But Heaven knows—"

Here followed a quantity of news about the Ministers, the Houses of Parliament, the foreign news, and so forth, which I omit.

"I have seen a sermon, published this year by one Laurence Sterne, on "Conscience," which I would commend to Mrs. Pimpernel. I also commend to you Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," and the first number of the "Rambler," of which I hear great things. Mr. Henry Fielding hath produced a novel called "Tom Jones," of which the town is talking. I mention it here in order that you may be cautioned against a book whose sole merit is the faithful delineation of scenes and characters shocking to the female moralist. For the same reason I would have thee beware of Mr. Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," in which, as a man who knows—alas!—the wickedness of the world, I find a great deal to commend.

"The weather has been strangely hot even for July, and fever is rife in this neighbourhood. I hear that the Bishop of London threatens me with pains and penalties. I have sent word to his lordship, that if he will not allow me to marry, I will bury, and that at such prices as will leave his clergy nothing but the fees of the paupers, beggars, and malefactors.

"I think that I have no more news to send. I would that I were able to send thee such tidings as might be looked for in a London letter; but I know not what actor is carrying away all hearts, nor what lady is the reigning toast, nor what is the latest fashion in cardinal, sack, patch, or tie-wig, nor anything at all that is dear to the hearts of an assembly on the Terrace of Epsom. Therefore, with my duty to Mrs. Pimpernel,

"I remain, my dear niece,

"Your loving uncle,

"GREGORY SHOVEL.

"Doctor of Divinity."

"Post scriptum.—I enclose herewith a short letter of admonition, which thou mayest read by thyself, as such things are not interesting to Mistress Pimpernel."

"Now," cried Mrs. Esther, "was there ever such a man? Living in such a place, he preserves his virtue: among such dregs and off-scourings of mankind he stands still erect, proclaiming and preaching Christian virtue. Oh, Kitty! why was not that man made a Bishop? Sure, there is no other position in the world fit



for him. With what eloquence would he defend Christian faith? With what righteous indignation would he not expel evil-doers?"

I did not dare to ask, which of course occurred to me, what indignation he would show against such a violation of the law by marrying in the Fleet.

"Now," I said, "with your permission, madam, I will retire, in order to read my uncle's private letter of admonition."

I opened the short note in fear; yet there was nothing alarming in it.

"MY DEAR NIECE,

"I add a word to say that Lord Chudleigh is going to visit Epsom, and hath either engaged or been offered the mansion of Durdans for the summer: perhaps he is already there. It may be that you will make his acquaintance. In any case you cannot fail of being interested in his doings. Since his visit to the Fleet, I hear that he has been afflicted with a continual melancholy, of which you and I know the cause. He has also led a very regular and almost monastic life, reproaching himself continually for that lapse from temperance which led to what he regards as the curse of his life.

"Child, if he pays you attentions, receive them with such coquettish allurements as your sex know how to hang out. On this point I cannot advise. But if he is attracted by more showy and more beautiful women"—I looked at the glass and smiled—"then be careful not to exhibit any jealousy or anger. Remember that jealousy and anger have ruined many a *famula furens*, or raging woman. Let things go on, as if nothing of all that you and I wot of had happened. He will be watched, and at the right time will be called upon to acknowledge his wife. Such a return for the evil done me by his father shall be mine. And with such a return of good for evil, a brilliant position for yourself. If he should fall in love, if he hath not already done so, with another woman, you would, in one moment, blast his hopes, trample on all that he held dear, and make him ridiculous, a criminal, and a deceiver. But it is at all times a more Christian thing for a man to fall in love with his own wife.

"Remember, my dear Kitty, I place the utmost reliance on thy good sense. Above all, no woman's jealousies, rages, and fits of madness. These things will only do thee harm.

"Your loving uncle,

"GREGORY SHOVEL,

"Doctor of Divinity."

Were one a stock or a stone; had one no feelings; were one destitute of pity, sympathy, and compassion, these letters might have been useful as guides to conduct. But the thing had happened to me which my uncle, in his worldly wisdom, could never calculate upon: I had fallen in love with Lord Chudleigh: I was passionately anxious that he should fall in love with me. What room, in such a condition of mind as was this man, for advice so cold, so interested, as this? Return good for evil? What had I to do with that? I wanted to wreak no vengeance on my lord: I would have surrounded him with love, and been willing to become his servant, his slave, anything, if only he would forgive me, take me for his sweetheart, and make me his wife. But to lay those snares: to look on coldly while he made love to other women: to wait my time, so as to bring shame and remorse upon that noble heart—that, Kitty, was impossible. Yet I could not write to my uncle things which he could not understand. I could not say that I repented and was very sorry: that I loved my lord, and was determined to inflict no harm upon him: and that, if he chose to fall in love with another woman—who was I, indeed, that he should love me?—I was firmly resolved that no act or word of mine should injure him, even though I had to stand in the church and see him with my own eyes married to that other—that happy woman—before the altar.

NOTE.—This week's illustration is described in Chap. V., which appeared last week on page 226.

(To be continued)



MR. J. CROWTHER HIRST'S "Hiram Greg" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a Chartist story—that is to say, a story of the Chartists and their times. Hiram Greg himself is a religious and intellectual working man who has the misfortune to be politically keener-sighted than the mass of his order. Like Felix Holt, he gets into trouble with the authorities through failing to control a riot; he is mistaken for a ringleader, but is let off with a light sentence, and emigrates to Australia. The most interesting part of this on the whole able and well-written novel is that which deals with sheep-farming in the Bush during the earlier days of Australian history. It will have been already gathered that Mr. Hirst's topics are very far indeed from being new, but they have the advantage of being always interesting in themselves if treated with only a fair share of knowledge and literary skill. Mr. Hirst has a more than merely fair share of both, so that want of freshness in his plot and in his scenes are of less consequence than if he had contented himself with the usual love story. But there is also a love story in "Hiram Greg," and it is rather a pathetic one. It is not, however, by reason of detached details that the reader of "Hiram Greg" will inevitably be reminded of "Felix Holt" and "Adam Bede," but rather by the grouping of the various incidents and by their general nature. The combined flavours of abnormal Methodism, political agitation, and provincial humour, are strongly enough marked to give the novel a respectable place as a contribution towards the history of those phases of English life which have practically passed away, and, but for books of this kind, would have been by now nearly forgotten. Nevertheless, it must not be supposed that "Hiram Greg" is not quite light enough, and full enough of common interest, to satisfy the general reader, whose sympathies are apt to be only too much with the things of the hour.

The title of "Larry Lohengrin" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.) seems to promise a hero who will prove to be a sort of cross between a Boycotter and an æsthetic—almost as much as if he had been called Patrick O'Postlethwaite, or some such name. Such humour as might, by some accident, have grown out of the notion is thrown away. Larry is connected neither with the Land League nor with the Round Table, but is simply a well-meaning young fellow who does not know his own father, is adopted by a rich ship-broker, and runs away to Venezuela to escape the possibility of being falsely suspected of forgery. Venezuela is a new country in novels, and proves full of fresh and exciting interest, especially where the results of earthquakes are concerned. There is a description of a buried brigands' cave which shows touches of imagination not unworthy of Sindbad or Ali Baba, unless indeed, which is not impossible, it is more or less true. Away from Venezuela, however, Mr. Westall is scarcely to be congratulated on his skill as a constructor of stories. The novel, as a whole, is lively and fairly interesting; and that must pass for sufficient praise. Certain family complications at the close could hardly have been made more comical by the intervention of the once favourite strawberry mark on the left arm.

"The Life of a Rock Scorpion," by Flora Calpensis (1 vol.: Charing Cross Publishing Company), "was written," says the preface, "with a view of warning young ladies who are about to take

up a residence with their families on the Rock"—namely, of Gibraltar—"of the many dangerous companions they may be thrown amongst, should they trust too much to their own sagacity in choosing their acquaintances, refusing to listen, as Eva did, to the wise counsels of a mother." These many dangerous companions turn out to be fast girls, and young officers who have deserted Spanish wives. Whether mothers are wiser at Gibraltar than in London, whether bad companions are more dangerous or bigamists more plentiful and fascinating there than elsewhere, those who know Gibraltar best can best tell; and certainly Flora Calpensis—a rather ingeniously botanical *nom de plume* by the way—seems to know the topography of the Rock almost too well. In effect, her ambition seems to have been to produce a guide book combined with a manual of etiquette for young ladies. She never lets slip the chance of pointing a moral, or of putting a word into italics when common Roman type can possibly be avoided. We doubt whether *debutantes* will derive much benefit, moral or intellectual, from "The Life of a Rock Scorpion." But it will do them no harm—unless those of them who write novels care to copy its style.

"Tales of the Castle Guard," by Colonel Eden (1 vol.: Newman and Co.), is the title of a weakly illustrated story book about unusually pointless military adventures. They are supposed to be told by the officers of the Castle Guard in Dublin, to wile away their evenings when on duty; and, if the title be at all appropriate, the Viceregal atmosphere must be the dulllest in the world. If this be merely a piece of book-making, it shows but little skill; if on the other hand Colonel Eden has found any interest in his own stories, whether they be of truth or of fancy, his faculty for taking an interest in everything is exceptionally enviable.



I.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for March reserves its two most seasonable articles for the end. "Long and Short Service," by Sir G. Wolseley, is suspiciously like a semi-official counter-blast to Sir F. Roberts's after-dinner speech. As we cannot, with our present expenditure, have at the same time a veteran first line and a strong reserve, there can be no doubt, Sir Garnet holds, which is the preferable alternative. But, as a matter of fact, he denies that either the age or the *physique* of our recruits is below the standard of long-service days. In both respects, as statistics show, 1880 compares advantageously not only with 1871 but with 1846. The least efficient recruits within Sir Garnet's own recollection were those with whom he landed at Rangoon in 1852. The young army which won Waterloo was pronounced by the great Duke the worst he ever commanded. The truth in much of this reasoning will scarcely perhaps convince its readers that the complaints of veteran officers are "whining pessimism." Whatever the cause—youth, feeble *physique*, or insufficient training—it is impossible to avoid uneasy fears that regiments nowadays cannot be relied on to form the same impregnable line which won, for instance, the fight at Meeanee. Possibly General Wolseley himself hits one of the weak points when he admits that the vastly increased number of recruits who pass each year through the home battalions can only be manufactured into soldiers by vastly increased labour on the part of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers.—A very brief and very temperate paper, "Holland and the Transvaal," by M. de Beaufort, of the Dutch States-General, is valuable as written from the point of view of a warm sympathiser with the Boers, who at the same time is well-inclined towards England. No Dutchman, M. de Beaufort assures us, would wish to see the Transvaal converted into "an allied colony of Germany."—Two interesting letters on "Art Needlework," as especially suitable for "ladies' work," and a capital paper on "Smoke Prevention," impart agreeable variety to a number which otherwise would be almost exclusively political.

Mr. F. R. Statham, in the *Fortnightly*, solves the question "How to Get Out of South African Difficulties" in very summary and drastic fashion. "Offer South Africa," he would say, "her independence on certain prescribed conditions"—to ease the conscience of humanitarians at home—"and retain nothing but a naval port at the Cape." The solution may not commend itself to many outside the circle of Professor Beesley's Positivists. The arguments which support it are not, however, undeserving of attention, both for their own and for their writer's sake. For Mr. Statham, as an old Colonial editor, knows something of the English as well as of the Dutchmen at the Cape, and it is his deliberate opinion that while the latter would hail separation from England "with delight," the former generally would accept it "with relief," the only exceptions being among the diamond diggers of West Griqualand, or (for the natives) among the Zulus of Natal.—The former exception might suggest to some minds that the best way to avoid future difficulties with the Dutch might be to pour into the colony a judicious stream of "assisted" English emigration.—"Notes of Travel in Thessaly and Epirus" give interesting particulars of a distracted land whose motley populations are much more concerned about the ever-present plague of brigandage than with any "National" or "Imperial" aspirations; though one of them—the Wallachs of the Pindus range—may yet perhaps make a place for themselves among the rising nationalities of European Turkey.—Under the title of "Folgora de San Gemignano," Mr. Symonds contributes a characteristic sketch of the best of the Siennese imitators of Provencal troubadours.—Mr. Schuster's "Anti-Jewish Agitation in Germany" is a careful and seemingly impartial examination of the origin of the movement, and of the arguments urged by assailants and assailed.

*Blackwood* for March is a very pleasant number. The stories, although full of spirit, suffer a little from the decay of our sympathy with the leading personages—confiding benevolence in "Mr. Cox's Protégé" being carried considerably beyond the verge of silliness, while the hero of the more important serial develops each month a larger admixture of objectionable, not to say snobbish, characteristics.—The other papers are all good. "Autobiographies, II., Lord Herbert of Chisbury," is a capital article on that last of the knight-errants, whose bold bearing among the duellists of Henri Quatre's Court is so admirably noted by Sir Walter Scott.

Under the title of the "Truth About American Competition," Mr. George Baden-Powell comforts bucolic readers of *Fraser* with the reflection that such competition will, after all, be transient. The Americans are using up their virgin lands more speedily than prudently. The time will come when to make the prairies "laugh with a harvest" it will no longer be sufficient "to tickle them with a hoe," when it will be necessary to heap up manure and plough deep furrows; and then—if he survive till then—the British farmer will come in for his revenge.—"John Gilpin as a Solar Hero" is a clever skit on the fashionable mythologists who explain every fairy tale as simply an allegory of the Sun and the Dawn.

The *Cornhill* again is uniformly good. The most interesting, perhaps, of all its papers is Mr. Edmund Gosse's account—from original sources hitherto overlooked—of witty, lazy "George Etheredge," the friend of Dryden, Rochester, and Dorset, author of "The Comical Revenge" and "She Would If She Could," and the first seemingly to introduce the fashion of alternating rhymed verse with prose into the light tragi-comedies of the Restoration period, as he was also the first to imitate on the English stage the dialogue and the plot of Molière.—"Bhagoo" is an absolutely painful glimpse of the darker side of a Hindoo ryot's life.

*Temple Bar* and *Belgravia* have both some very fair padding as a background to their lively serials. A good account of "Quakerism in Ireland," and a judicious article on "Hazlitt's Liber Amoris," that Rousseau-like record of a strange mad passion, are to our taste most to be commended in the former; in the latter a fresh instalment of "Rambles about Eton."

"Circumstantial Evidence," a dramatic story by Terence M'Grath, is the first thing to arrest the eye among the shorter papers in an average number of *Time*.—In the *Antiquary* Mr. Hutcheson begins a paper on "The St. Clairs and their Castle of Ravenscraig;" and Mr. Noel Sainsbury tells the tale of "The First French Protestant Settlement in America."

A paper by Dr. Hopkins, of Pennsylvania, on the "Lay Element in England and America," is perhaps the most noticeable in a rather dull *Contemporary*. The author would have us adopt the American system, and admit the laity to a full share in Church government and patronage. Parish priests would thenceforth be elected by the Vestries, and Bishops nominated (with the consent of the Crown) by the laity and clergy of the Diocese. In this way he argues that all the benefits of Disestablishment would be secured without any danger of concurrent Disendowment; for Disendowment, when the laity recover their ancient rights, would be simply robbing one-half the population to benefit the other—a measure which no statesman could be induced to sanction.—"What the Three F's Did for Tuscany" is an instructive account of the agrarian reforms of the Grand Duke Leopold the First—reforms which, though only affecting Crown lands, and lands held in mortmain by ecclesiastical and lay corporations, raised Tuscany from a state very similar to that of Ireland to one of great material prosperity, and, it is equally instructive to note, proved partial failures in the long run, though the omission of the Grand Duke—a thorough Free-Trader—to take precautions against subletting on the part of the new peasant owners whom he had created.

In the *North American* Mr. Eads, the advocate of an "Isthmian Ship Railway," endeavours to show with some success from the analogous working of dry-docks, &c., that the transportation of ships overland by a specially constructed railway can be effected without injury to vessel, cargo, or road. This granted, of course the superiority (at least for U.S. shippers) of the Tehuantepec over the Nicaragua or the Panama route is obvious from the first glance at any map.—An able paper on "The Effects of Negro Suffrage," by Chief Justice Chalmers, forcibly pointing out the danger to the Constitution, even after the old animosity between North and South has died away, from these four millions of ignorant and easily corrupted voters, and another still more "sensational," by Judge Goodwin, on "The Political Attitude of the Mormons," from which we learn with some surprise that Mormonism, far from being moribund, is stronger now than ever, and actually beginning to hold the balance of political power along all the line from Montana to Arizona, make up a more than usually interesting number.

*Harper* this month is chiefly rich in papers of the descriptive kind, ranging in subject from such novelties of civilisation as the *veritable Utopia*, M. Renan's phrase, of "Bedford Park" (very charmingly depicted by Moncure Conway) to the almost prehistoric barbarism of "The Arran Islands."—Best of them all is a "Nation in a Nutshell," an excellent account of sight-seeing at Washington.

A complacent article on "Ericsson's Destroyer and Her New Gun"—the famous Destroyer "which can outrun any ironclad afloat, is invulnerable, rushes up to within a few hundred feet of her enemy, fires shot after shot without warning and without noise or sign upon the water"—is, we suppose, the first thing to read about in *Scribner*. "In London with Dickens" is a further graceful instalment of wanderings in the steps of the great novelist.

Under the title of "The Story of a Great Monopoly" Mr. H. D. Lloyd describes to readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* how the great railway companies in America are overshadowing the State, and calls at once for legislative reforms before railroad "pools" control the prices of grain and meat, as, in the typical instance of the Standard Oil Company, they have already done in the case of kerosene.

Mr. Matthew Arnold contributes to *Macmillan* a criticism in his best style of "Byron," arriving finally at the conclusion that if neither a consummate artist nor, as a consequence, one of the few poets of the very highest class, Byron must claim at least a foremost place among the greatest next to these by virtue of his predominant "personality"—his excellence, as Mr. Swinburne rightly defines it, in "sincerity and strength."—In "Christmas and Ancestor Worship in the Black Mountain, III.," Mr. Arthur Evans gives some interesting instances of heathen ritual in the Christmas feast.—In "Connemara," Mr. R. Martin calls attention to the "real Irish difficulty," the small cottiers of the remotest West, whom no fixity of tenure or even ownership can possibly save from periodic distress.

The *Gentleman's*, with an amusing paper by Percy Fitzgerald on "Dr. Johnson and the Fleet Street Taverns," and another on "The Successful African Journey"—not less successful because unstained by blood—of that newest explorer, Mr. Joseph Thomson; "The Army and Navy," with an interesting account of the "Russian Fleet in Central Asia," by Mr. Marvin; *All the Year Round*, with a rather good short story of a "young Lawrence" and a "Lady Clara Vere de Vere;" and *The Churchman*, with a kindly in memoriam notice of the late Edward Auriol, M.A., are all numbers of average excellence.

"Will the Drama Revive?" is a question asked in the *St. James's* by "A Dramatic Critic," in an article which merits much more than average attention. The author's answer is not very hopeful. He says we have got into a vicious circle, and seem likely to go on turning in it indefinitely. A frivolous public calls for frivolous plays, and frivolous plays go on breeding a frivolous public. The public degrades the critics, the critics the managers, the managers the authors, the authors the actors, the actors the public again; and it is impossible to tell where first to attempt to check the impetus towards degradation.

## OUT AND ABOUT LAKE WAKATIPU, NEW ZEALAND

"LAKE Wakatipu," says Miss C. M. Bleazard, of Auckland, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "is the largest of a group of very interesting lakes, situated in the province of Otago, New Zealand.

This lake is in the form of a letter S, Kingston being situated at the southern end, Queenstown, the chief town, in the centre, and Kinloch at the head of the lake.

Kingston is a very small place, being merely the railway terminus and starting point of the lake steamer.

"We were fortunate in having a lovely day for our trip, as this greatly enhanced the beauty of the grand scenery on either side of the lake. The colour of the mountains in this district is very noticeable. Even at a short distance the blue is intense, and when the deeper shadows contrast with the snow they appear almost black."

"After a three hours' steam we reached Queenstown, most romantically situated, having a range of hills with Ben Lomond at the back, and looking out to the lake, where the majestic 'Remarkables' 7,600 feet high, reflect their beauty in the bright mirror below them."

"In the days of the gold rush, Queenstown was a flourishing and busy place, but the fever has died out, and it is now very quiet. From here we took a drive to Arrowtown, through picturesque scenery, passing Frankton and Lake Hayes on our way, and returning by another road to Queenstown, passed over the Shotover Bridge, said to be at the highest elevation of any bridge in New Zealand."



"We also made the ascent of Ben Lomond, which with the descent occupied a whole day, but we were well repaid for the trouble. After a long climb we reached what is called 'The Saddle,' and the scene which opened out to our view was grand in the extreme. We looked on a perfect amphitheatre of hills with snowy ridges. Behind us lay the lake in placid beauty, while the 'Remarkables,' and other imposing mountains, seemed to be far below us.

"From the cone on the right hand of the Saddle a beautiful echo can be produced, which is repeated from peak to peak till it dies away in a soft note in the extreme distance.

"Early next morning we left in the steamer for the head of the lake, and it was again our good fortune to have a most beautiful day. Every new headland or peak, as it came into view, was duly admired, the banks in many places being brightened by the scarlet flowers of the iron tree, but when we at last came in full view of the head it was simply exquisite. In the background to the right towered Mount Earnslaw, 9,000 feet, one white mass, with its glacier-crowned pinnacles dazzlingly bright in the sunshine; then Mount Alfred, looking very dark against the snowy background of the Forbes Ranges with their perfect reflections, while the Humboldt and Crichton Ranges completed a magnificent sight never to be forgotten.

"We landed at Kinloch, consisting of a good hotel and a few bushmen's houses, and found the time pass so pleasantly that we stayed there four days.

"A tramway leads into the bush, where we frequently went to admire the Dart Glacier. On one of our visits the snow, being loosened by its melting, came down into the valley with a noise like thunder.

"The bush was very lovely, consisting chiefly of the red birch trees, with their brilliant scarlet and russet leaves shining out against the blue distance and white snow.

"In fact, the whole of the Wakatipu district (I cannot speak for the other lakes, not having seen them) seems specially suited to minister to one's appreciation of the beautiful. At every turn there is something to admire, with an ever-charming variety.

"For invalids a more perfect climate could not be found (in the summer season); for, apart from the beautiful scenery, which is said to equal the most romantic portions of Switzerland, simply to be there and enjoy the exhilarating breezes could not fail to be beneficial."



Was it not Elisé Reclus who, after the Commune, was only spared by the victors in deference to the prayer of a host of European savants? If so, he was spared to do good work; for 'The History of a Mountain' (Sampson Low and Co.) is pleasantly as well as instructively written. Of course a French book reads best in the original; words like 'anfractuosités,' 'gibbosities,' 'cirque,' 'sinister hole' are startling; 'to deliver a battle' is not English; and we doubt if either Bertha Ness or John Lillie can find authority for the 'Apollo of Pythion.' But Reclus is readable in any dress; and in the original we should not have Mr. Bennett's delightful illustrations. The author's politics crop out here and there quite naturally; the robber-knights give him a chance for invective which he uses but does not abuse; so do the eagles, chosen symbol of so many monarchies. He protests, by the way, that Rome, cruel as she was, wronged herself in making the altogether hateful wolf her *totem*. The bear is a much pleasanter animal. He regrets that we don't domesticate instead of exterminating it; though of the doomed *chamois* he says 'better die free than live a slave.' The chapter on *crétins* (Christians—just as 'silly' is *selig*) is very good; so are those describing how the glacier is formed from the very topmost *névé*; and why clouds like to gather round lonely peaks; and how moraines may be likened to 'accompanying streams of stones.' Indeed the book is full of information; and the only facts which we take leave to doubt are that bears who meet little girls with strawberries just delicately put their paws on the baskets and ask for a share; and that butterflies are carried to mountain tops not by wind currents, but 'by the delight of flying up towards the sun.' Why not publish a French edition with the same admirable engravings?

Dr. Japp's sketches were worth reprinting; and 'Labour and Victory' (Marshall Japp and Co.) is a useful book for 'those who would learn.' Till lately we have singularly overlooked the educational value of biography; nor do any of the numerous series do for the young precisely what the plain record of such lives as Dr. Japp has selected may reasonably be expected to do. The Bayard of India was one of the noblest of our heroes; his clear-sighted honesty in regard to Scinde will always stand out in marked contrast with Sir C. Napier's domineering stubbornness; Bishop Selwyn was truly a model Missionary Bishop, and if but few can hope to be Outrams or Selwyns, all may learn from Thomas Edward's life how much may be done with little or no appliances. At least his example ought to encourage the very humblest lover of natural history to become a naturalist, just as Thomas Davidson's and Sir James Simpson's lives may well nourish in any shepherd's or cottier's son the hope of doing something in the world if only he has a cheap university to go to. Ellis, of the Polynesian researches, is also a pattern in his way; while the life of Joshua Herschel, the Silesian Jew, who, after a strangely sensational boyhood, was converted, and, under the name of Friedrich Albrecht Augusti, laboured for years as pastor at Gotha, is a striking example of endurance and good conduct. The lesson of a life is seldom a direct one; what a man has done is of far less importance than that he should have done something. Dr. Japp's pattern men are well chosen, and the book cannot fail to be useful; but why give portraits of only Outram and Selwyn?

Those who know the Riviera will be interested in what Mr. Hole thinks of 'Nice and Her Neighbours' (S. Low and Co.); and those who are only now going there will find him a very fascinating travelling companion. His book is beautifully got up, with gilt edges, an artistic cover, vellum paper, and really good illustrations—altogether a dainty volume fit for a birthday or Easter gift. Mr. Hole travels *en prince* with his pleasant companions, 'the Posey,' (a very nonsuch among squires), 'the Primate,' vicar of a huge town parish, who in the end gets from 'the Posey' a good family living, and the incomparable Dobson, hereditary factotum in the Posey's family, who writes poems, always in the most delicate way refuses the Primate's 'vails,' and is commendable in everything save in his fondness for venerable jokes. Mr. Hole is justly severe on Monaco; and on some English parsons whose holiday bears the same proportion to their work that Falstaff's sack did to his bread, while their dress incites Roman Catholics to ask: 'Is that one of your priests?' He is, we think, unjustly severe on our Christian Art, when, contrasting our sacred pictures with those in the Czarewitch's Chapel just outside Nice, he says our painters fancy that he who can paint a mayor must needs be able to paint a martyr. We like his suggestion that Art should be the handmaid to Religion—that on our bare church walls the heart should be taught through the eye. We wish Continental chaplains would study 'the Primate's' sermon; but chiefly we commend the appreciative descriptions of the glorious gardens, not at Nice only, but at Mentone, and, above all, at that Cannes which Lord Brougham, worried by the *tracasseries de la police sardie*, transformed from the wretched hamlet which

Saussure found it into the brightest of watering-places. This beautiful book is worthy of the beautiful country that it describes; we like everything about it, except the new way of spelling entymology (*sic*).

Lady Anne Blunt tells her story delightfully, and she has a delightful story to tell. Before she and her husband made their 'Pilgrimage to Nejd' (Murray), that cradle of the Arab race had been visited by only three Europeans—Wallin, the Finnish Professor, Guarmani, an Italian Levantine, and Palgrave, the Jesuit. None of these tell much about the country; and what little Palgrave tells is (we are assured) almost wholly wrong. 'Travelling in disguise, he was seldom able to take notes; moreover he was in little sympathy with the Desert, and the nature he describes is human nature only.' Readers of Lady Anne's 'Arab Tribes of the Euphrates' may remember Mohammed Abdallah, son of the Sheikh of Palmyra, who, having been a faithful kindly escort-leader, chose, at parting, instead of a round sum of money, the honour of becoming Sir Wilfrid's 'brother.' The 'Pilgrimage to Nejd' was the fulfilment of a promise which the Blunts made to him that they would return next year and take him with them to see his kinsfolk and get a wife from among them. Mohammed's courtship is interesting; he nearly gets served as Laban served Jacob. The descriptions of Arab life are full and vivid; being 'sister' of a Bedouin of the Ibn Araks, Lady Anne Blunt had the *entree* of every tent, and also of the houses and even of the castles in the oases. The Nejd, which Palgrave, who saw it in summer, paints as a howling red desert, struck the Blunts, who were there in mid-winter, as red indeed but charming, and better wooded and richer in pasture than any part of the Desert between itself and Damascus. After living upon Mohammed's relations, and exploring Jebel Shammar, and interviewing the Emir Ibn Rashid of Hail, who astonished them by producing a toy telephone, the Blunts received an invitation from Lord Lytton to spend the summer at Simla; and, being anxious to see some horses of which they had heard a wonderful account, they actually pushed on through Persia, 'doing what few, if any, Europeans had done before'—all the 2,000 miles from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. They reached Bushire so blackened and travel-stained that the Sepoys on guard at the Residency refused to believe they were Europeans, and barred the entrance with their muskets. The appendix contains valuable essays on the Physical Geography of Northern Arabia, the Decline of Wahabism, and the Euphrates Valley Railway—useless (except to the Turks) so long as we keep the Suez Canal open.

How much there is worth seeing in England, if only people will go off the beaten tourist track to look for it, is proved by book after book about our less-known towns and country districts. In 'Our Old Country Towns' (Chatto and Windus) Mr. A. Rimmer confines himself mainly to town, though when he includes in his list such little places as Melbourne and Bakewell and Atherstone he is, of course, bound to say something about country. We hope there are not many Englishmen like his Wessex friend 'who had travelled all over the world to see new sights, and had hired escorts to take him to the deserted cities of Asia and America, and yet asked if York was really worth going 300 miles to see;' but there are many who need to be reminded that those who go abroad leave behind them at least as much quaint beauty as they find in foreign towns. Malpas, for instance, is like an old French or Rhenish town; and the view from the Cheshire hills at Broxton is as fine as that from the Drachenfels. Cheshire, indeed, with its patches of old forest ('grinning like a Cheshire cat' refers to the fierceness of the wild cats once so common there) is a far more interesting county than he who dashes through it by rail is apt to think. Mr. Rimmer thinks bicycles will help to make our lanes and bye-roads as well known to our sons as they were to our great grandfathers. Good fare, he finds, is still to be had, at small cost, in English country inns; though he confesses he should have fared better and paid less if he had been a 'commercial,' and once when he was charged 5s. for a cold meat lunch he laid down half-a-crown, and found it accepted with avidity. His strictures on the price of wine at inns are well deserved. 'Wine merchants have kept pace with the times, not so innkeepers;' certainly not, when they charge 6s. per bottle for claret which may have cost them 10d. He fared remarkably well at Market Bosworth, where he lunched after a visit to 'the field;' but it is unfair to compare the chops, &c., at the Dixie Arms, all for 1s. 9d., with what could be got for the same money in Paris. We could tell him of little French towns where his money would go even further and give him better fare than at Bosworth. The illustrations are a great addition to the book. Boston Stump is admirably rendered, both inside and on the cover; so is Howden Church, and the fine towers of King's Lynn. Well-known places like Haddon Hall are wisely dismissed with a word; along his own lines Mr. Rimmer finds plenty which most travellers never see, and which those who really want to know their own country will be grateful to him for pointing out in a very pleasant way. He is specially fond of York, and enlarges on its interest to Americans; giving us views of South Cave Castle, the seat of the Washingtons, and South Cave Church, 'where the parish records as to the family are unhappily very imperfect.' At Burton-on-Trent he writes as if the bridge (not many years old) was the old monastic structure; and surely it is sulphate of magnesia, and not 'soluble felspar,' which makes the water good for brewing.

'The Great Musicians: I. Richard Wagner,' by Francis Hueffer (S. Low and Co.).—Mr. Hueffer has the reputation of being the advocate of Wagner and 'the Music of the Future' in this country, and perhaps no one else is better able to undertake such an arduous duty. We must object, however, to his placing Wagner at the head of the great musicians, for we do not believe that he is worthy of the position. The biographical details in this volume are scanty; the 'really important incidents of his life, interwoven as they are with the fate of living persons, must for the present remain untold.' Hence the book is more an exposition of Wagnerian views, and an analysis of Wagnerian work, than an account of the musician's life. The analyses of Wagner's compositions are good, though the author has nothing new to say. But, after all, it were better we fancy to hear the music before trusting to Mr. Hueffer's opinions. In explaining the views of his master, too, he wanders fitfully in the shifting morass of metaphysics; and makes a wild and somewhat illogical attempt to claim music as a 'supernatural' art. However, the Music of the Future is a much-vexed question, and the book will have done some good if it serves to emphasise and illustrate some of the errors of the new, and to dissipate some of the prejudice of the old schools.

Of the second published volume of this series—Rossini, by H. Sutherland Edwards (S. Low and Co.), little need be said. It furnishes a concise and readable account of the life and works of the composer of *Tancredi*, and also of the school of operatic music which he founded—of Donizetti and Verdi. It is, in short, a brief but highly interesting sketch of the modern Italian school, a subject which the author evidently has at his fingers' ends.

FASHIONABLE DINNER-GIVERS anxious for novelty should adopt some tasteful innovations introduced at a Parisian dinner recently given by an American millionaire on his fiftieth birthday. Before each lady was a perforated tortoise-shell horse-shoe, supporting a highly polished elk's hoof filled with rare flowers, the *menus* were in the form of a folding tablet edged with cardinal silk, and each guest's place was marked by a coloured satin square, hand-decorated, and holding an embossed card with the name engraved. All the bonbons were encased in different hued silk, trimmed with chenille and tied with broad ribbons.

## "TAKING THE CENSUS"

A REMINISCENCE OF TEN YEARS AGO

THE "numbering of the people" has lost the aspect it had in the days when "Joab and the captains of the host" did the task of enumeration in "nine months and twenty days;" nor does it possess that political importance which an absolute determination of representation by numbers would give it; but, apart from religious and political aspects, it is socially of vast importance. And for the social insight it gives,—for the opportunity of learning a little of the homes, the conditions, and the numbers of the poor—I became an "enumerator."

In a large manufacturing town, there were chosen by the registrars of births and deaths a large number of enumerators, to whom were allotted districts varying in the number of the houses, according to density or otherwise of population. To myself there was allotted a district on the outskirts of the town,—a "land of Tahtum-hodshi"—netherland newly inhabited by a mixed population—gardeners, workers in the great ironworks near, brick-makers, shopkeepers, and labourers. Armed with the official requisites—the enumerator's books, in which the numbers of the census papers left were to be inserted, the census papers, in number about two hundred and fifty, and pen-and-ink—I sallied forth in the spring morning on the novel mission.

Dignity received an unexpected blow when, despite all the preliminary notices that had been given in, and all the valuable advice as to the filling-up of the schedules by newspapers, local and general, at the very first house of call, the first number in the streets allotted to me, and described in my instructions, the introductory sentences were met with the reply, terse if ungrammatical, "We don't want none!" and the sad conviction penetrated the officially-inflated mind that its possessor had been taken for a "bagman." A little persevering explanation, and the schedule was received, but with a half-askance look, that told of the lingering doubt. At the next, an intelligent lady—a Scotchwoman—received the little folded slip with a ready acquiescence in its use; but at the third, many minutes were wasted before the householder would believe that the document was what it professed to be, and that its aim was innocent. Not to go through the whole list, it may be said that some of the visits thus paid did give that insight hoped for.

In one case, a man and his wife were found stolidly seated before the fire in a room scantily furnished, and scarce a word could be obtained as the paper was proffered. At last the woman, half doubtfully, half gladly, gathered part of the explanation, and ejaculated, "Then you're not the bailiff!" whilst the husband supplemented the remark with the explanation, "We were expecting the County Court people!" Frequent were the expressions of belief that "It had something to do with the taxes;" and on more than one occasion the landlord was referred to as the proper person to apply to.

In a few instances there were slight attempts at incivility, but in the great bulk the document was received exactly as an advertisement out of the common would have been, and when a street of a few dozen houses was half-finished, the enumerator usually had a "tail" of urchins proclaiming his intended visit, and keeping up a running commentary of advice, of ejaculation, and of occasionally-expressed desire to obtain personally "a bill." In the course of a few hours—the district being a scattered one—the task of delivery was completed, and it may better indicate its character if it be said that in only one instance was there any but the ordinary householder's schedule delivered.

But the task of collection was a little more difficult and much more varied. In many instances the schedule was unfilled—often because the householder could not write; in one there was a neglect to enter into ages, in another the relationship, and in a third class there was redundant detail. The trades were perplexing: to one who up to that time knew little of ironworks, it was confusing to find men put down, in addition to puddlers, as "ballers," "shinglers," "puller-over," "shearman," and other technical terms for work in rolling mills. There was a great eruption of Welsh names, and Irish were very frequent, whilst the names of the places of birth often used up the alphabet in rugged Welsh and Irish combinations of consonants and vowels. Where these had to be filled up by the enumerator, there was, I fear, very varied spelling, for the tone was at times difficult to comprehend, and it was often useless to appeal to the speaker for the method of spelling. The names were in nearly all cases clearly given; about the ages some appeared to have a difficulty in putting the years into figures, and one lady, handing me a paper with the triumphant remark that her "old man" filled it up himself, had to have her age altered from "604" to "64," as the orthodox method of defining in numerals sixty-four. One schedule-writer seemed ambitious to distinguish himself in literature: he spread his information about himself, wife, and three children over the whole of the paper, commencing "My name is Blank; I was born at Dash;" and after giving particulars required, added, "We are all sound in wind and limb, and that's all I know about it." In two or three cases additional particulars were given—one that "We are all Catholics," and another that a man "had a wooden leg!"

In the bulk of cases the papers were ready; but in several of the streets it was noticed that several were filled up in the same handwriting; where they were not ready, almost invariably the enumerator was asked to fill them in. In the doing of this, it was noticeable that the number of lodgers was large, and that the number of young people at work was great. One room entered had absolutely no furniture, except a bedstead, a rough table, and a deal board stretched from a pile of bricks to another, near the fire, and yet in that house of two other rooms six lodgers and two children as well as the "head of the family and his wife" were counted! On another occasion a schedule was returned unfilled—the head of the house being unable to write, and in the giving of the particulars for the necessary filling in thereof, the position of the "lady" who gave the particulars might have been correctly described as mother of his children, but it was deemed expedient to put down "housekeeper."

These were some of the prominent points in the experience of an enumerator—set down unextenuated and truly. The deductions drawn therefrom were not in all cases favourable to the character of the persons visited; but it is only fair to say that whilst it was evident that there was dependence upon memory for many of the statements as to places and location, and that these were not always accurate, yet the endeavour had usually been to give fully the information required. It was evident from the handwriting that the bulk of the people inquired of were not "practised penmen," and that in many instances there was an inability to write which had caused the services of others to be brought into requisition. Of the habits of the people, the most prominently brought into notice were the unreserve, the crowding of the homes, and the occasional but not frequent drunkenness. In the locality visited it may be said there was no church, and only one chapel; that the men earned tolerably full wages; but that the cottages were usually homes of more than one family, whilst lodgers abounded. It was the exception to find a home well and thoroughly furnished, unless it was that of one family. But in nearly every house good fires burnt—even if the many children were barefoot; that there was abundant sociality and frequent interchanges of informal visits from house to house. The unreserve placed the enumerator for the few minutes of his visit in the position of a member of the family, and whilst in these families there was occasional evidence of disorder, sometimes of drunkenness and want of thrift, yet the almost unvarying friendliness made the task thus outlined a not unpleasant one.

J. W. S.

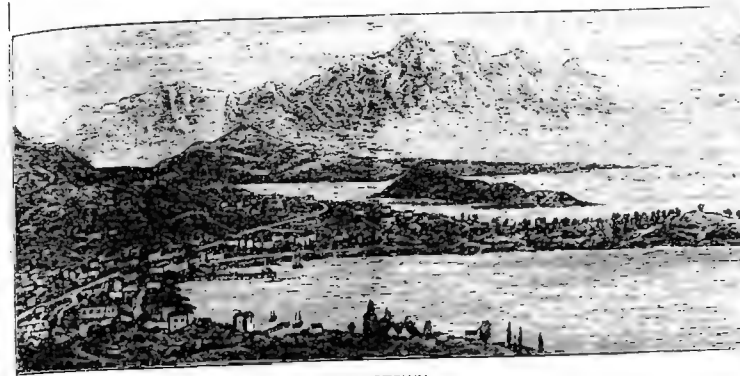




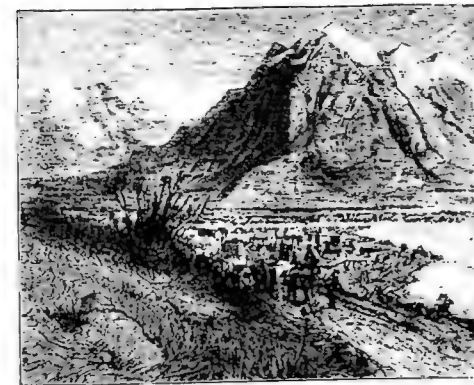
PART OF ARROWTOWN



NEAR THE HEAD OF THE LAKE



QUEENSTOWN

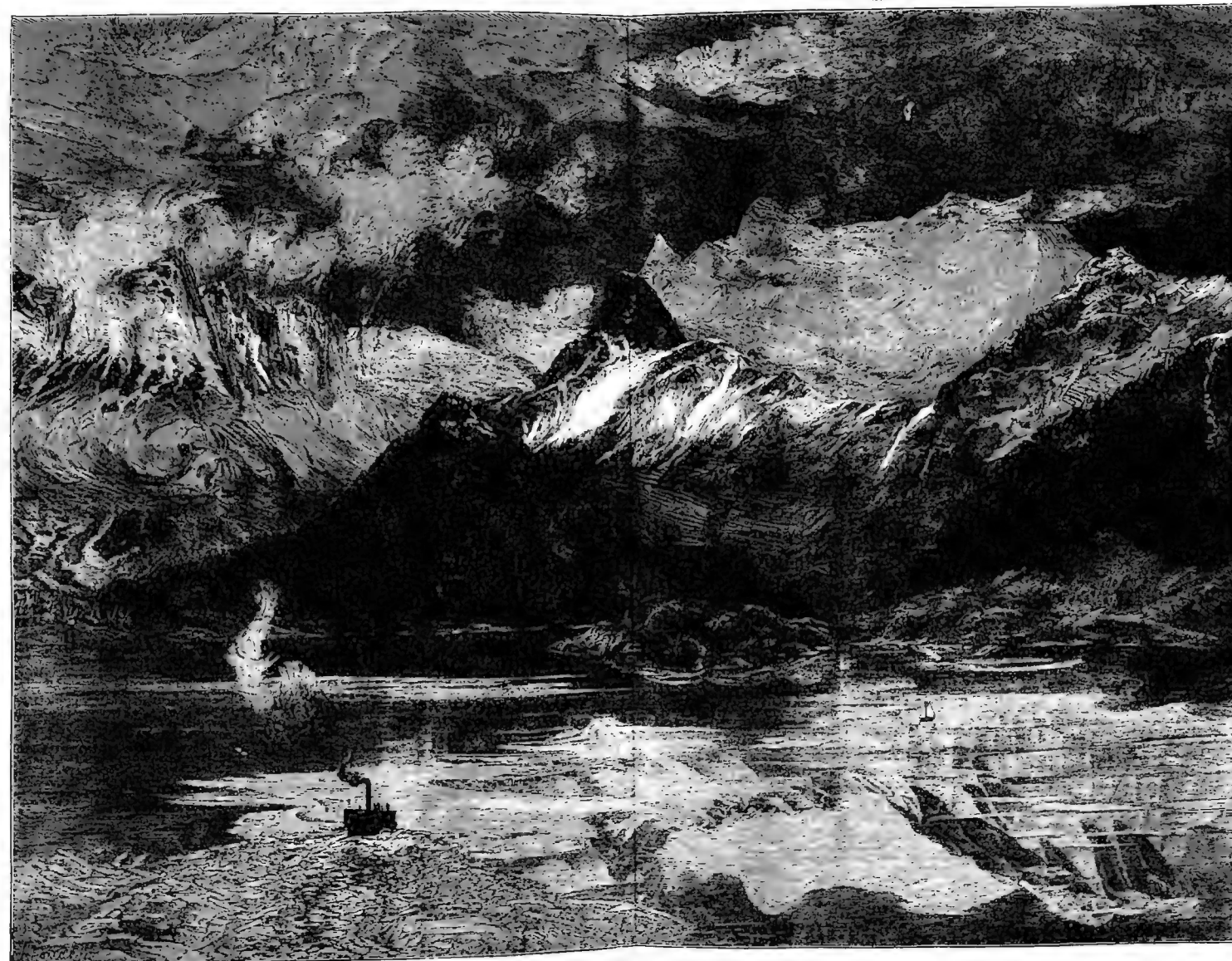


FRANKTON

EARNSLAW (9,000 FEET HIGH)



VIEW FROM "THE SADDLE," BEN LOMOND, QUEENSTOWN

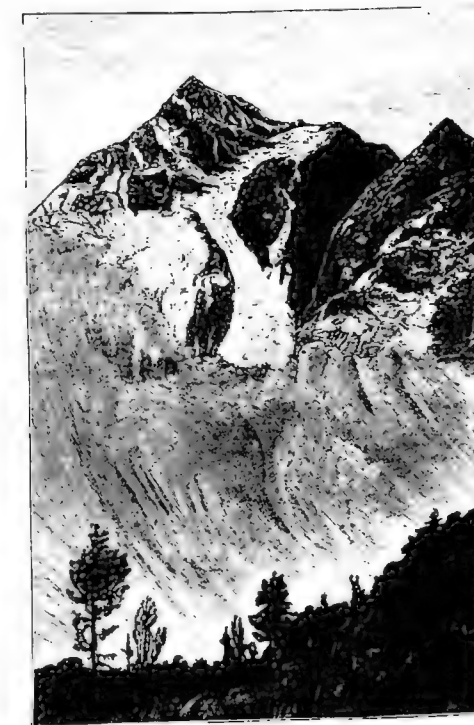


HEAD OF THE LAKE

ON AND ABOUT LAKE WAKATIPU, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND



KINGSTON



THE DART GLACIER



SHOTOVER GORGE



# "REMINISCENCES," BY THOMAS CARLYLE\*

It is not too much to say that these fragmentary reminiscences—written primarily, with one exception, for the writer's self, not for the outside world—tell us more of Carlyle's real life than would the amplest of ordinary biographies. We said with one exception, because the longest of the fragments, the memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle, is the "rudiment" of a once-contemplated preface to a collection of her letters. The others were written either, as we may judge, for mental relief or "for want of something else to occupy me," as notes of things which, if worth preserving at all, should be "not incorrect in any point, but correspond to the fact in all." The first, the reminiscence of his father, was penned in 1832, in the days following James Carlyle's death; that of Irving in the darkest hours of mourning for his wife, and under such conditions of distress that ten years later, when interrogated about it, he had absolutely forgotten its existence. Yet all this adds immensely to the interest, if at times it detracts from the literary perfectness, of these remains, and makes us the more grateful to Mr. Froude for thus giving them to us in independent shape as *avant-couriers* of the fuller life and the collected letters we shall hereafter look for at his hand. They take us into Carlyle's inmost confidence, and reveal to us his most secret thoughts. In this respect, indeed, their nearest parallel would be the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, or the cold self-analysis of Harriet Martineau. Their method, however, as might be expected from the man, is rather historical than introspective. Carlyle narrates facts; records judgments and impressions. To analyse the mental process at each step would have been profitless to himself, and did not enter into his scheme for others. Though fragments, they cover all the chief divisions of his life—the influences of boyish years in the home of the tender mother and the austere but loving father; the story of the first and strongest of his few great friendships; the entire period of that wedded life, whose forty years were synchronous with all his literary activity, and whose close took from him *dimidium animæ suæ*; the first introductions to the world of literature at a time which included alike the latter days of Coleridge, Southey, Hazlitt, Lamb, and the early promise of John Stuart Mill. They take us with him from the banks of Nith and Annan to "doleful hateful" Academy days at Edinburgh, and doleful school-work (but for Irving's company) at Kirkcaldy, and thence again after a few desultory years to that somewhat grim Eden of Craigenputtock, which was only abandoned for final settlement in London—in, but never wholly of the great metropolis, and indeed more and more, as years rolled on, maintaining a somewhat haughty reserve before its curiosity and its babble.

Our first thought on glancing through these volumes is that never before did we so fully recognise Carlyle's rugged independence and self-contained strength—however limited in some respects his intellectual sympathies—and his deep, almost passionate tenderness of affection. Never surely was there one who stood so "four-square to every wind that blew," who weighed all men and their work with such rigid thoroughness so far as he could adjust the scales, or for whom, when sitting so in judgment, fame, riches, cleverness, social distinction were matters of indifference, provoking neither to admiration nor disparagement, nor, indeed, in any way affecting his decision. Never surely was one who had a more genuine and tender love for worth, a more thorough admiration for all that was good and pure and sincere in whomsoever it might be found. We would not say that this invariably adds to the fascination of these fragments. There are many passages which we are inclined to think Carlyle himself in his more rigorous mood would have somewhat relentlessly cut down. There is much family gossip in which it would be idle to affect deep interest—in part, perhaps, due to the very nature of these self-communings, in part, perhaps, to that intense admiration for men, however lowly and unlearned, who have done a man's work all through their lives, and that equally intense aversion to vain display and unprofitable cleverness which really made in his eyes the rugged old-world Cameronian peasant a grander and a more noteworthy figure than half the lions of a London season. Something too much again is there of contempt for men whose names are certainly above disdain, but who are ever and again dismissed with briefest comment, "poor creature," "nothing of much use to me." The intense but narrowed Presbyterian spirit was potent with the child of the Annandale stonemason throughout life. The austere father whose interest in great action was so strong that during Napoleon's Russian campaign he took in a newspaper twice a week to read about him, and whose indifference—for it was neither ignorance nor disapproval—never carried him beyond three pages of Burns, was more faintly reproduced—despite the latter's wider culture—in the son. Like Goethe's Faust, Carlyle would have written "In the Beginning was the Deed," and it was no phantasy but sober preference which made him look upon the bridge his sire had built at Auldgarth fifty years before with something of a reverential awe. "Will one book in a million last so long?"

All this, however, leads at most to a little desire to "skip" at one moment balanced by sense of keener pungency the next. Apart indeed from the altogether heroic pathos of the memoir of his wife—in the midst of which Miss Jewsbury's tinkling little anecdotes sound a little out of tune—and the gravely tender picture of that "good father," the most delightful portions of the remainder are those which deal with the men of note whom the grim, rugged Scot can neither flatter nor complacently reverence. And if at times the judgment seems too harsh, the contemptuous comment too off-handed, it is at least ever pointed with some steely truth. The fragment upon Jeffrey is particularly pleasing for the worthiness (generally) of the attitude of both—so widely different yet so thoroughly respecting one another, although Jeffrey clearly esteemed Carlyle no great addition to his Edinburgh staff, and Carlyle thought still more lightly of the man who might have been "a beautiful Goldoni, and given us comedies and aerial pictures true and poetic of human life," had not people "kneaded him into the shape of a Reviewer, and clothed his soul in Whig formulas and blue and yellow;" poor Jeffrey's comic humour and wonderful power (in his hours of relaxation) of mimicking "old Scotch Braxfields and vernacular curiosities of that type," being clearly in Carlyle's eyes his finest intellectual gift. The Southron celebrities fare much worse excepting Southey, whose restless activity seems to have inspired his interlocutor with a secret respect, and whose horror at the rising flood of new democracy was quite after Carlyle's own heart. De Quincey is a "pretty little creature full of wire-drawn ingenuities and bankrupt enthusiasms," a "bright melodious talker, but in the end inconclusive and long-winded;" Coleridge "the father of Puseyism, and of much more vain phantasmal moonshine"—"nothing came from him that was of use to me that day, or in fact any day." Mill's talk is "wintry, rather sawdustish," and Harriet Martineau's "fine clear head" would have "made her quite a shining matron of some big female establishment," but was totally "inadequate to grapple the deep spiritual and social questions into which she launched at all turns, nothing doubting." In all this there is, no doubt, a good deal of the serio-comic, of the humour which Carlyle defines somewhere in these volumes as "a brotherly sympathy for the downward side of things." It might be hardly fair to take these grim confidential "asides" as unqualified sentences *ex cathedra*.

Such gleams of comedy are, however, on the whole, but transient lights upon a surface whose main colouring is sad and grey, and in

an atmosphere through which sounds a continual echo *ay de mi!* Life even before the great bereavement since which the greater portion of these reminiscences were noted down, was at the best "terribly earnest" for Carlyle. The recompense for his toil was slow in coming. There were weary years spent over the "French Revolution," and "the Cromwell's painful struggles" to find fit channels for the utterances of an "overloaded heart" at the period of the Latter-day Pamphlets: fruitless interviews thereanent with "an alert, airy, rather vacant editorial gentleman" in Printing House Square; home visits from bores innumerable; misguided consolations from abroad on "the hostility of the Press," received "by us with innocent laughter, ignorant till then what the Press's feelings were, and leaving the Press very welcome to them;" and at the last but little more than the sense of an accomplished work. All else to Carlyle was vanity of vanities. Two volumes fuller of deep if narrow human interest than these have rarely if ever been given to the world.

## THE DUDLEY GALLERY

THE seventeenth annual water-colour exhibition at the Dudley Gallery suffers little by comparison with its immediate predecessors. There are perhaps fewer works by artists of established reputation than on some former occasions, but among the productions of young and comparatively unknown painters there are many that display genuine artistic feeling combined with competent executive skill. The large pastoral landscape, "A Hayfield" (301), by Mr. John McDougal, an artist hitherto quite unknown to us, for instance, is a work of great ability, sober in tone and in excellent keeping; it bears evidence of careful study of nature, and though broadly painted, and with apparent ease, it lacks nothing in the way of completeness. Mr. R. W. Allan exhibits several drawings of unequal merit, but all suggestive of natural effect. His "Hay Barges on the Thames" (9), and "Old Town Hall, Stonehaven" (373), seem to have been painted directly from nature, and have the vigour and freshness of immediate observation; they are remarkable moreover for their luminous quality of tone and admirable balance of light and shade. An artist whose name we now met with for the first time, Mr. William Stott, is evidently gifted with a very fine sense of colour. His "Sunlight" (182), and "Under the Willows" (270) are professedly sketches; the forms are undefined, and the minor facts of nature scarcely suggested, but, as regards rich harmony and truthful gradations of colour, they are unsurpassed by anything in the Gallery. Whether the artist will eventually be able to combine these fine qualities with the completeness of realisation essential to work on a large scale, remains to be seen. Mr. W. C. Wontner sends a small drawing, "The Porch" (49), remarkable for its purity of colour and the truthful way in which all the details of the varied foliage are rendered; and Mr. A. H. Haig, a view of picturesque old buildings "At Chartres" (76), recalling by its extreme simplicity of style the work of the early masters of the school.

The work which will be regarded with more interest than any other in the Gallery, and at the same time the one which will best repay close examination, is a study of a mass of rocks, "In Pass of Killiecrankie" (603), by Mr. John Ruskin. A more remarkable example of minute and elaborate landscape draughtsmanship we do not remember to have seen. Every fissure in the water-worn surface of the rocks, as well as curve and plane of their complex forms, is here rendered with the most fastidious care and completeness. With equal earnestness, and almost equal success, Mr. Ruskin has striven to reproduce the delicate gradations of local colour, and the varied reflections of light which he saw in nature. A large and striking picture called "Veiled Sunlight" (564) by Mr. Joseph Knight represents a wide expanse of sandy common illumined in parts by the faint sunlight which finds its way through the vaporous mist which pervades the scene. The atmospheric effect is very faithfully rendered, and the details of the foreground are well drawn and painted with realistic force; the figures too are artistically introduced, and are in perfect keeping with the character of the scene. By Mr. H. Moore there is a sea-coast scene, "As the Tide Ebbs" (345), full of light and movement; and by Mr. H. Goodwin a small drawing, "The Atlantic at Rest" (104), remarkable for its purity of tone and the vivid impression of vast space which it conveys. Among the remaining landscapes are good examples of the familiar styles of Mr. E. A. Waterlow, Mr. A. Parsons, Mr. Herbert Marshall, and Mr. C. Thornely.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has derived from the annals of the very early Christians the subject of a striking and in many ways meritorious picture, "St. Eulalia" (103). The dead body of the saint is here seen lying in the Roman Forum imbedded in snow, as described by Prudentius. The artist has paid very little regard to pictorial beauty of composition, but the figure is skilfully foreshortened, and the colour throughout is powerful and well harmonised. Fine qualities of colour, together with artistic breadth of effect, are also to be seen in Mr. John White's full-length figure of a rustic child with a money-box, called "The Way the Money Goes" (224); but the drawing in many parts is incorrect, and the handling, though very dexterous, loose and unsatisfactory. Strikingly in contrast with the meretricious facility here displayed is the accurate design and finished workmanship to be seen in "Happy be thy Dreams" (14), by Mr. Frank Dadd. The idea of the picture, which represents an aged serving man surrounded by pigs as he placidly sleeps beside a river, does not seem to us especially humorous; but the artist has spared no pains to give it completeness. The figures, animal as well as human, are full of character, and admirably drawn, and every part of the picture, down to its minutest detail, bears evidence of the most careful study.



**DISTRESS FOR RENT.**—There is a general feeling that the time during which a landlord is permitted to let his power of distress remain dormant is far too long, and it is curious that this point should have been overlooked in Sir H. Holland's Bill. We hope that there will yet be found an opportunity for introducing a provision restricting the power of distress to what in these days of rapid movement constitutes a reasonable time. The law as it now stands was arranged with a view to times altogether different to those in which we now live.

**THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY** will hold their 1882 Show at Reading. A committee recently went down to see the ground; they expressed themselves well pleased with the site, and, after inspecting Messrs. Sutton's seed grounds, returned to town.

**SHOWS.**—Two East Anglian Agricultural Shows will be held this month, the one, of horses, at Woodbridge, the other, a general spring show, at Wymondham. Both will be held on the 18th of March.

**BUTTER AND BUTTERINE.**—A trade contemporary, the *Grocer*, complains greatly at a fine of 10*l.* having recently been imposed by the Birmingham magistrates for the sale of made butter, butterine, as genuine butter. The evidence showed that only 10*l.*

per lb. was charged, but cheapness is so important to the poor that fraud and the sale of unhealthy food are surely best checked by keeping a sharp eye on tradesmen who sell cheap and nasty goods.

**PASTURAGE.**—The other night, in the House of Commons, Mr. C. J. Thompson stated that the Irish landlords were laying down land to pasture in order to spite the labourers by diminishing employment, the ignorance displayed in which remark was shown by Mr. W. Biddell, who said that so far from there being any ground for such a charge it was a course which would probably be of necessity followed in England, as pasturage was beginning to be regarded as the most profitable of farming operations.

**ENGLISH AND IRISH FARMS.**—It is a practical comment on the ingenuousness of Irish agitation that at the present time in Ireland there is scarcely a farm holding vacant, while in England there are hundreds of vacancies. We may express a belief that over a thousand farms are vacant in Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincoln, and Leicester alone. The difference between England and Ireland in this respect hardly tallies with the most approved notions concerning large and small holdings. The low social position with which the Irish farmer has learned to be content has probably much to do with it, and in both countries foreign competition seems to be at the root of distress.

**TITHES CONFISCATION.**—We regret to see that the Ipswich Chamber of Agriculture have passed a resolution "that the tithe charge ought on the expiration of life interests to be applied to national purposes." If local Chambers of Agriculture come to advocate robbery and confiscation, the end of those once useful bodies can easily be foreseen. We commend Suffolk proceedings to the attention of Major Craigie and the Central Chamber.

**THE SEASON** is in everything backward. In the North of England and in Scotland there is still a good deal of snow. On Skiddaw and Helvellyn there are drifts thirty feet deep. Hay and fodder are getting scarce; for on some farms hay has been given to stock, where such a thing had not been done for a quarter of a century. The turnip crop has suffered greatly from frost. They have rotted in the ground over hundreds of acres. In parts of Scotland this loss has attained the proportions of a serious agricultural calamity. Arable land is waiting in many parts the turning of the stubbles; and while the wheat acreage is small, barley, oats, beans, and peas are all late, and must be late in being got into the ground. The kitchen garden is even more behindhand than the farm.

**RIVER DEEPENING.**—The bed of the River Wye at Ashford is being deepened with a view to the prevention of the floods, the disastrous results of which have been recently felt. The Duke of Devonshire is making this great improvement, and he expects that in future, even in very wet seasons, the Wye will flow well within its bed along by the village of Ashford and Ashford Hall. We wish we heard of similar efforts in the Eastern or Midland Counties, where the late floods have done the most serious and disheartening damage.

**O SI SIC OMNES!**—The following is from the obituary column of *The Times*:—"On the 28th of February, 1881, at East Ilsley, Berkshire, after a continuous service of forty-six years on one farm there, William Gregory, an excellent and very intelligent farm labourer, one who never shirked his work, and who leaves few equals surviving him." This just recognition of long and good service, although extremely pleasing in itself, has a deep tinge of bitterness for us in the stern truth of this last sentence. Excellent, constant, and intelligent farm-labourers, who never shirk their work, are being extirpated by trades' unions and agitations, as surely as are tigers by our Indian sportsmen, or seals by the hunters of the northern seas.

**LOST! A RIVER.**—Such is the cry that comes from Derbyshire, where the stream of the Bradford, developing a sudden desire to emulate the sacred river Alph, has disappeared down a great cavern which, although not quite measureless to man, is probably too deep for attempts to turn back the river. The Derwent receives a tributary where tribute was wont to be given to the Wye. Some persons, for reasons best known to themselves, are offended at this, and are spending money in efforts to reclaim the recalcitrant stream.

**DEW.**—Recent observations show the annual dewfall to be about 35 mm. Morning fog along a river course arises when the water is warmer than the air above it. The evaporation goes on more quickly than the vapour can be carried away, hence the latter is condensed, and becomes visible as fog. The evening fog on moist low-lying lands is due to the fact that the grass surface, cooled by radiation, cools the lowest air-layers, so causing condensation of the aqueous vapour. The fineness of dewdrops is extremely remarkable. The finest raindrops are more than three thousand times the diameter of the finest dew. Fog particles are about two hundred and fifty times as small as fine rain.

**CATTLE DISEASE.**—Speaking at Penrith the other day Mr. Duckham, M.P., admitted that if all the cattle imported were subject to slaughter at the port of landing, cattle plague would be unknown in this country, and that present vexatious restrictions imposed on legitimate trade would have no occasion to exist. The hint is a plain one. Two cases of great hardship have just occurred under the restrictions referred to. They were cases where food and infected sheep were in different places. The Privy Council prevented the sheep from going to the food, and the landlord, under lease covenants, prevented turnips being taken to the sheep—i.e., consumed off the farm where produced. The magistrates saw no remedy, but we think the farmer might safely have broken his lease covenant on this occasion.

**LIGHT AND PLANT LIFE.**—If cress seed are grown for a few days in the dark on damp cotton-wool, and then beneath the surface of water introduced into an inverted glass jar filled with water, they may be exposed to daylight for an indefinite time without signs of life being developed. But the plants are not dead; for if after a few days' exposure the cotton-wool is cut in half beneath the surface of the water, and one half with its plants is restored to the inverted jar of water, while the other is placed under an inverted glass jar containing air only, and then these two jars be exposed to full daylight, the plants beneath the jar containing air rapidly become green, while the others never do so.

**BRITISH FAUNA AND FLORA.**—A recent calculation of Professor Geikie's puts the species of English mammals at forty, of reptiles at thirteen, of land birds at 130. Of flowering plants and ferns, 1,425 species are now known.

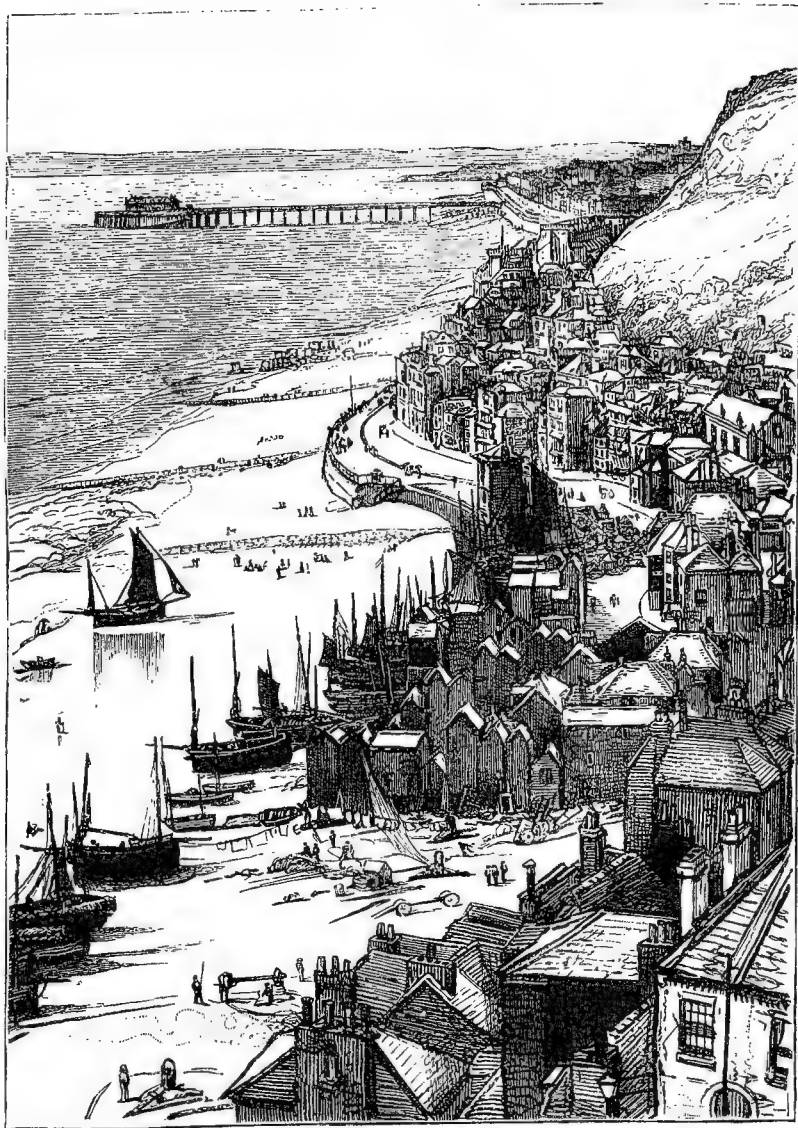
**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Mr. J. Munro, F.C.S., has been appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Wilts and Hants Agricultural College, and will act in conjunction with Professor Church. He obtained many honours at Oxford.—In Scotland, frequent complaint is made that crop valuations when regulated by fairs' prices and custom are unsatisfactory and unjust. Most of the cases brought under our notice relate to straw.—Fox poisoning in Shropshire has caused much local ill-feeling.—Two men last week were sent to gaol for trespassing in pursuit of rabbits on Mr. Gladstone's Hawarden estates. When the Premier is again at home he should explain the boundaries of his Ground Game Act. Certain persons follow its "stream of tendency" rather than its exact provisions.—The Earl of Kilmorey has accepted the Presidency of the Shropshire Agricultural Society.—Ireland, even in its remotest country districts, has become much quieter since the Coercion Bill has been brought before the House of Commons. Some isolated cases of cattle destruction have occurred, but the worst districts have not been the seat of these outrages.

\* "Reminiscences," by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by J. A. Froude (2 vols.: Longmans, Green, and Co.).





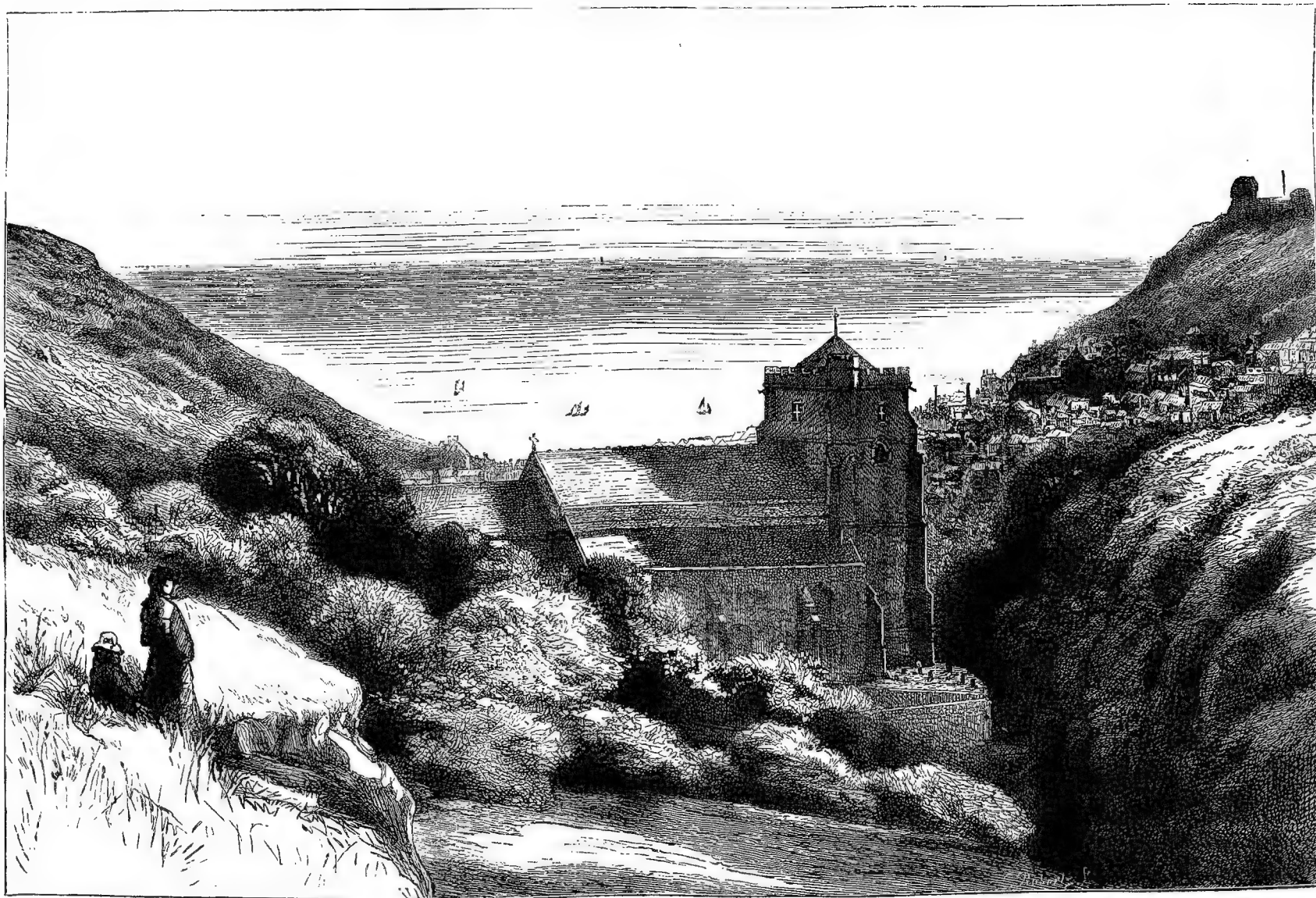




HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARD'S, FROM THE EAST HILL



FISHERMEN'S NET HOUSES



GENERAL VIEW, FROM ABOVE ALL SAINTS' CHURCH  
AN ARTIST'S NOTES AT HASTINGS





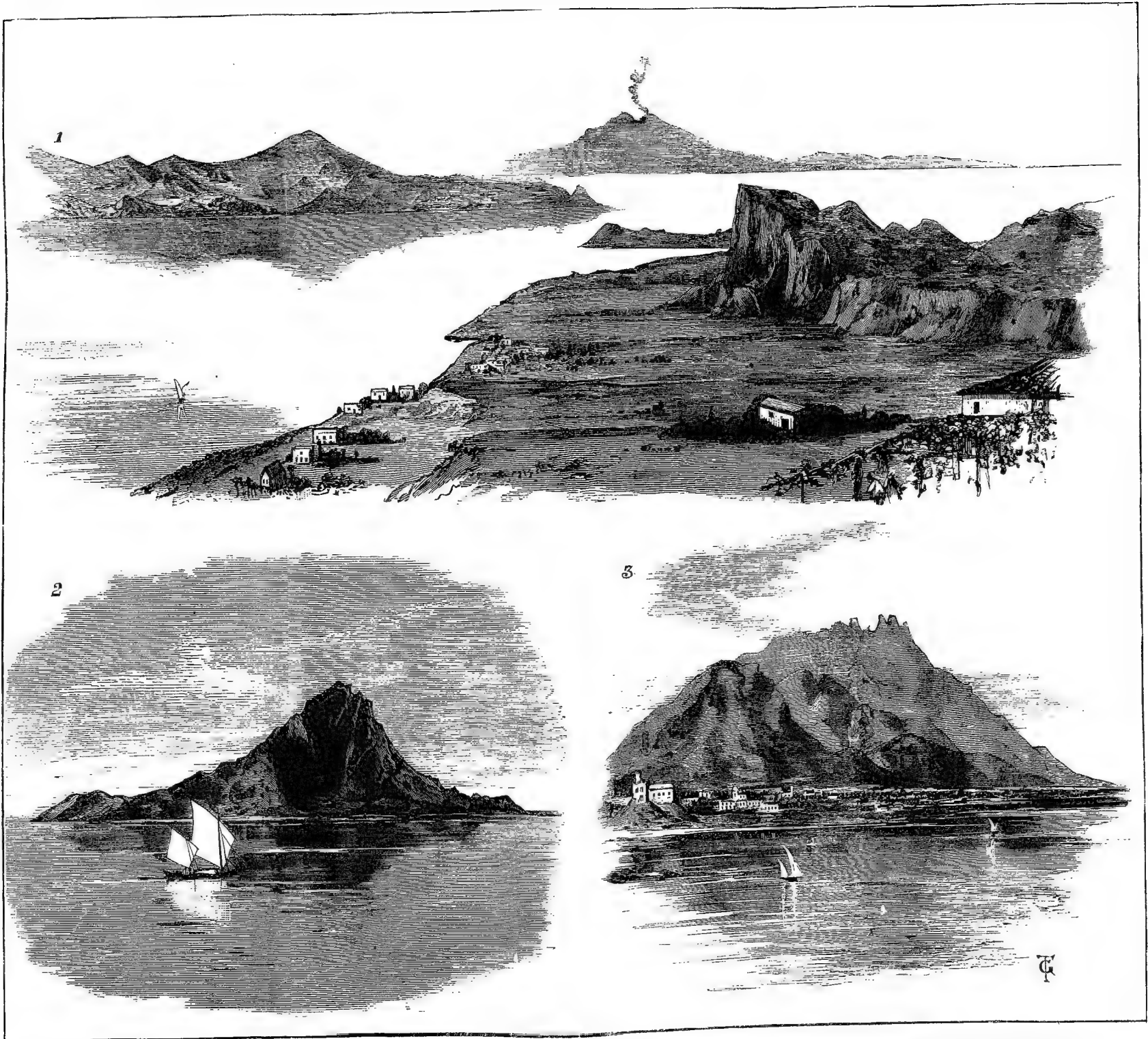
LIEUTENANT EDWARD EDEN BRADFORD, R.N.  
Specially promoted, Dec. 1, 1880, for gallant conduct in recovering the bodies of  
Lieutenant Bower and five seamen of H.M.S. *Sandfly*, who were  
murdered by the natives of the Solomon Islands, Oct. 13, 1880



GONESH WASUDEO JOSHI, OF POONA  
Died July 25, 1880



LIEUT.-COL. J. H. PEILE, R.A.  
Died Nov. 27, 1880



1. Casamicciola from the Garden of the Piccola Sentinella Hotel.—2. The Island of Ischia from the Acropolis of Cumæ.—3. The Town of Forio and Monte Epomeo.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN ISCHIA



take his gifts before he goes to the next town, where he is due pretty soon. We had to choose one among the committee to undertake this part. All the week was taken up "fixing" things for the tree; the men did little but that, and the women spent all their spare time popping corn and stringing it bead-like (a very pretty decoration, as the grains of "pop-corn" take all sorts of surprising shapes when held over the hot coals, just as those chemical serpents sold in the toy-shops do), making bags of coloured mosquito-netting—"screen-cloth" is the local vernacular, from the fact of its being stretched on frames for summer use over open doors and windows—for the *bonbons*, or, as we say, candies, and otherwise arranging presents. The common custom is for each family to hang on presents for its own members, and some are really useful and comparatively costly gifts; the "town" trees which the villages contribute to are often crowded with every sort of gift, and the gathering is absolutely public: Sometimes spiteful people take occasion to make very disagreeable personal allusions by hanging on suggestive presents for so-and-so, the giver generally being unknown. For instance, a proverbially dirty person once received a small pail of soft soap, and still less justifiable and more insulting gifts have been known to have been put on by ill-natured persons. Sometimes two or more churches combine to have one good large tree, and the gathering is confined to members of the churches, pupils of their schools, and special friends of such members and pupils. Private trees are getting more and more the fashion, and two or three families join purses to make a little Christmas party.

Though our tree was the first ever seen in this district, and for want of a more suitable place had to be crowded into a tiny school-house no bigger than the room where the "meeting" was held, it was nevertheless as nicely arranged as I ever saw any Christmas tree. True, we had to screw its head into a stovepipe hole in the ceiling, and make a bristling crown of stout nails round the hole, to hang some of the abundant gifts and ornaments, and we had to contribute all our household candlesticks and barn lanterns to set on the desks or hang in the windows; and we crowded in about sixty more people than the place was built to hold (for a host of strangers beyond the district insisted on coming to witness our modest efforts) and we further lost time by a foolish habit much in favour in the United States—the gods deliver Englishmen from it now that Board Schools are in order!—of allowing children to recite little pieces and sing little hymns, inappropriate and tedious, and generally badly recited and sung into the bargain; but the main object was attained, the children were delighted, the tree was a success, and many of the grown people, who also had never seen one, were immensely pleased. The stranger (whose duties turned out to be chiefly those of keeping the peace between the other committee-men) found presents for each one, child or grown-up, in the district, often substantial and useful presents, and greatly helped the Santa Claus in making the orthodox fun required in the distribution. As to the snow, piled up as it was, no one thought it an impediment; the school-house had to be absolutely dug out before the day of the festival, and it was somewhat difficult to get into the woods to cut down a suitable tree. Nevertheless, one of the women managed to make a very nice leaf-motto of evergreens, "A Merry Christmas to All." B. M.



THE HAMSTEAD HOSPITAL CASE, which has been so long before the law Courts, has at last been finally decided by the House of Lords, confirming the judgment of the Court below against the Metropolitan Asylums Board, who are ordered to pay the costs. The contention of the Asylums Board was that the Hospital being an institution for the public benefit, they were empowered by Act of Parliament to override all private and local interests, and it is curious to note how the various Courts through which the case has passed have played see-saw with this question. Baron Pollock and a jury first found in favour of the plaintiffs, and granted an injunction which the Court of Queen's Bench dissolved, the Court of Appeal revised this latter decision, and the view then taken is now upheld by the Final Court of Appeal.

THE DYSART PEERAGE.—This, another long-standing case, has been decided by the Committee of Privileges in favour of the son of the late Lord Huntingtower by his marriage with Miss Burke in 1851, the other claimant, Elizabeth Ackford, having failed to satisfy their Lordships that she had really been married to Lord Huntingtower in Scotland some years earlier, as she alleged she had been.

SIR HENRY MATHER JACKSON, BART., late M.P. for Coventry, who only last week resigned his seat in Parliament on his acceptance of one of the recent judgeships in the High Court of Justice, died on Tuesday night quite unexpectedly and suddenly, although he had been very ill for some time. He was only fifty years of age.

THE REV. BREWIN GRANT, well known as a theological controversialist, appeared on Monday in the Queen's Bench Division as plaintiff in a libel suit against the proprietor of the *Middlesborough Gazette*, in respect of an article in which he was spoken of as having "boxed the religious compass, and played many parts." After some evidence had been taken, the counsel on both sides had a private consultation with the Lord Chief Justice, and the result was that an agreement was arrived at and a juror withdrawn.

THE KENSINGTON OUTRAGE.—Charles Williams has now been committed for trial for the burglary and pistol-shooting in the Cromwell Road. At the adjourned examination he was identified by more witnesses, and the police-inspector who had charge of the case stated that after his arrest he had said, "I won't give much trouble at the Old Bailey. You have got me straight. I can do twenty 'stretch,' and laugh at you all."

FOOLHARDINESS.—The astonishing recklessness displayed by miners and others who daily carry their lives in their hands has often been the subject of remark, but perhaps no more extraordinary instance was ever recorded than that of the captain and one of the crew of a schooner, who were the other day fined at Liverpool for smoking their pipes on board, with forty tons of gunpowder in the hold, and other vessels with similar cargoes surrounding them.

A MAN AND DOG FIGHT, similar in all its disgusting details to that which some years ago was so graphically described in the columns of a daily contemporary, is said to have taken place a few days ago in "a town in the Rosendale Valley," Lancashire. The man is stated to have won the victory, but to have suffered severely in the encounter.

JUVENILE THIEVES.—At Salford a boy aged only twelve, who is stated to have committed no fewer than fifty street robberies, has been sent to a reformatory for five years. At Blackheath two youthful imitators of Jack Sheppard and Charles Peace are in custody for burglariously entering an outhouse, and stealing therefrom "a hatchet, a chopper, and a chair," a rather strange assortment of plunder.

AT LEWES PRISON on Sunday last, a soldier undergoing imprisonment attempted to kill another prisoner during Divine service in the prison chapel. He was seen to stab him in the back, and was only prevented from striking a second blow by a warder, who sprang forward and seized him. He refused to say how he had obtained the knife, and remarked, "I'll be hung before I leave here; he rounded on me."



THE TURF.—The Grand Military Meeting was brought off after all at Sandown Park last week, and with success too, notwithstanding the absence of so many officers in different parts of the world. There was plenty of hard and injudicious riding, as is usual on such occasions, and plenty of falls, but plenty also of good riding. Mr. Brocklehurst opened the ball with spirit by winning the Grand Military Welter Steeplechase on Sloth, and the much coveted Household Brigade Cup on Muscaton, both horses being his own. Mr. Lee-Barber was also in good form on the opening day, riding two winners and a second. As is very often the case at military meetings, the backers were able to pick the winners fairly well, especially on the first day, when the favourites won five out of the six events. On the second day Mr. Firmin's Mickey won the Hunters' Steeplechase, and Major Murray's Beaufort the Open Hunters' Flat Race, while the useful Enigma, with the heavy impost of 12 st. 3 lb., took the Veteran's Chase.—Sport has been very good at Croydon this week, notwithstanding the somewhat unpleasant state of the weather and the heavy going. Sir George Chetwynd, who has perhaps experienced as much persistent ill luck on the Turf as any owner of a large stud, has had at last a good turn, on which he is to be thoroughly congratulated. On Tuesday he took the Grand International Hurdle Race with the Abbot of St. Mary's, thus scoring the great double event. Lord Clive, as a two-year-old, showed himself one of the best of his year; but last year was a very disappointing animal. His performance this week, however, shows him to be in the first rank of hurdle racers. Thornfield made but a poor show in the race, and consequently declined in the market for the Grand National, for which Liberator and Abbot of St. Mary's are first favourites at the time of writing.—Mr. F. Grettton's horses have left Porter's charge at Kingsclere, and gone to Alec Taylor at Manton.—The sale of the Blink Bonny stud has vindicated the late Mr. W. I'Anson's judgment and his adherence to the Queen Mary blood. Eight yearlings fetched 3,375 guineas, and the fourteen brood mares 5,785 guineas.—Poor Levitt, who had his leg broken at Sandown Park last Tuesday week, has had to undergo the amputation of the limb, but is reported to be going on well.

AQUATICS.—The University crews are both reported to be in good practice, and likely to be quite up to the standard of past years by the day of the race.—The Torpids have terminated at Oxford, Brasenose heading the first and Christchurch the second division.

COURSING.—At the South Lancashire Champion Meeting, the Scarisbrick Cup was won by Mr. J. Thornton's Tory Boy, who beat Mr. J. Heaton's Hector in the deciding course; and the Southport Stakes by Mr. Bentley's Gipsy Boy, Mr. Mather's good dog, Meols Water, running up.

FOOTBALL.—For the Association Challenge Cup Darwen in the fifth round has defeated Romford, making the almost unprecedented score of 15 goals to "love." The Pilgrims and Clapham Rovers have played their return match under Association Rules, the victory resting with the former by four goals to none.—Oxford University has beaten Sandhurst College at a Rugby game, and Upton Park under Association Rules.—For the London Hospitals' Cup Bartholomew's has beaten King's College, scoring 21 points to 11.—For the benefit of the Blackburn Infirmary, the Blackburn Rovers have played a match with the Glasgow Rangers, which resulted in favour of the Blackburnians.—On Saturday next the great Association match between England and Scotland at the Oval will commence at a quarter past 3 P.M.

HOCKEY.—This game, though it shows no signs of becoming very popular, still holds its own in some districts. On Saturday last, on Mitcham Green, Mitcham beat Sutton by three goals to one.

THE FRIENDLESS SERVANTS' AID SOCIETY.—Considering its great usefulness of purpose, it is somewhat surprising that the Society for Befriending Young Servants—now six years established—has not succeeded in making its existence more generally known. The excellent idea is to take in hand young girls who have been brought up in pauper schools, and indeed any young women who are friendless, and find domestic employment for them. It is made known by a gentleman—a Lieutenant-General—who writes to a daily newspaper on the Society's behalf, that there are ten free registry offices in connection with the enterprise—at Clapham, Chelsea, Marylebone, Kensington, St. Pancras, Piccadilly, and other places—in each of which districts reside ladies who undertake to keep a watchful eye on youthful and inexperienced maids-of-all-work after they are "placed." Before service is accepted for a girl the lady interviews her proposed employers, and ascertains whether there is a fair prospect of her being comfortable. Every six weeks the lady calls on her, and is always ready to advise and counsel her by letter. Should the young servant fall ill her good friend secures her admission to some hospital, and starts her in life again as soon as she is cured. It would be difficult to overstate the value of such kindly aid to such individuals. It is no secret that it is from the ignorant and unfriended servant class that the lost sisterhood is largely recruited. The training of their childhood has hardly been of a kind to make them strong to resist temptation should it assail them, and in hundreds of cases the first false step is taken from want of a little friendly guidance and advice. It appears that the Society have at the present time about 2,000 friendless girls on their books, half of whom have been paupers, and the scheme provides for a clothing club and other advantages. Moreover it is stated—and that is particularly worth noticing—that not only do the Guardians of the poor favourably regard the Society, but it has the encouraging countenance of the Charity Organisation Society.

THE RAGGED STAFF OF THE PENNY PRESS.—At the annual dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent Institution, held a few days since at Willis's Rooms, the Chairman, Mr. Edmund Yates, drew a telling picture, in which humour and pathos were neatly blended, of the hardships endured by the humbler members of the news trade. It did not quite appear, however, that his expressions of generous sympathy included the humblest of all—the "ragged staff" to which the cheap newspapers are more indebted for their success than to their literary staff, no matter how clever the latter may be. It is the ragged brigade, the eager, active, shrill-voiced skirmishers who swarm at railway and omnibus stations, and at every available corner of our thronged thoroughfares, that has more materially than any other influence assisted in familiarising the people with the penny and halfpenny press. To obtain any idea of their number, or of the energy with which the newsboys of the streets go about their business, it is necessary to be in Fleet Street and its immediate neighbourhood as early as six o'clock in the morning, when the various offices are being besieged, and scores of tattered rascals are seen running off with quires and half quires hugged beneath their arms, as though at last the places of publication had been successfully stormed, and this was the loot. And when these early-rising young speculators have accomplished a couple of miles maybe, and reached their selected "pitch," and have further spent, perhaps, two hours hopping on and off 'bus steps, and wriggling amongst the crowd,

they will dispose of their quire of twenty-six copies, which yields them a profit of nippence. But quires soon tell up to tens of thousands when there are hundreds of such indefatigable agents assisting, and so "largest circulations" are achieved. Did it ever occur to the News-vendors' Benevolent Society to give a great dinner to street newsboys? It would be only a proper recognition of their deservings, and public contributions might be safely relied on for supplying the necessary funds.

POTTED POISON.—An apt illustration of the truth conveyed in the proverb that alludes to the straining at gnats and swallowing of camels is furnished by the fact that while the country is in revolt against pork on account of possible trichinosis, the concoctors of villainous compounds in shape of tinned and potted "relishes" continue to drive a brisk trade. An appalling case of the kind was brought to light but a few days since at Birmingham. A person whose wholesale business was that of a potted meat and saveloy manufacturer, was surprised by the sanitary authorities, who discovered on the premises more than a ton of various kinds of flesh, including that of the horse, in an absolutely poisonous condition, some as yet merely raw material, but the greater part already "potted," plenty of red ochre being used to give the disgusting stuff "a fresh and beef-like appearance." The medical officers examined gave evidence as to the highly dangerous nature of such food, and the accused was sentenced to three months' hard labour, the magistrates expressing their regret that they could not impose a heavier penalty. With this last the general public will cordially agree. The food-purveyor who deliberately and habitually sets about poisoning his neighbours so that he may make a little more profit than he could hope for if he served them with wholesome nutriment, is certainly a more heinous culprit than he who picks a pocket and snatches some article of paltry value from a shopkeeper's door.

A DEARTH OF SOLES.—Of all the *Pisces* family none is less faithful to the fisherman than the sole. For weeks together it may be successfully wooed and won, and then, without notice and for no known reason, it grows shy, and the patient toiler of the sea trawls for it in vain. It happened so at the early part of the present week, when soles were such a precious commodity at Billingsgate that the few that arrived there—diminutive things, known in the trade as "tongues"—realised wholesale half-a-crown a pound. The metropolitan fish supply is particularly fluctuating and uncertain, but that as a rule is due to the position of the wind. Day after day Boreas will blow so contrarily that not a fish-laden sailing vessel can approach Billingsgate. The result is that fancy prices rule at the fish-mongers, while consternation prevails in the street markets of the poorer neighbourhoods. But when the "ill wind" shifts and the scaly hauls come abundantly to hand it might be reasonably expected that all kinds would be represented in fair proportion. Why should the sole be the most notorious absentee? A Billingsgate fish-factor, writing on the subject says:—"No doubt the scarcity of soles is caused in a great measure by the wholesale destruction of the brood, as tons of slips (small soles) are sent every week to this market that are almost valueless." This may be "the reason why;" on the other hand, may it not be that there may be some precautionary arrangement among the soles themselves? Even insects—bees, for example—are known to possess a wonderful instinct of self-preservation, and we have it on the highest authority that crows have their criminal courts, at which offenders are tried, condemned, and summarily executed. There are "talking" fish and performing lions. Why not then should not the sole be endowed with a special faculty for taking care of itself at times when the fisherman is thinning the number of its relatives? Who can say but that after the fatal trawl has been and gone there may not be a kind of roll-call amongst the sole tribe, and a resolution proposed and carried to shift for a time to less dangerous quarters? The fact of only the thoughtless small fry making their appearance at market would seem to favour such a solution of the problem.

ACCURATE RIFLE SHOOTING.—The accurate shooting displayed by the Boers, and the advantage this gives to a comparatively undisciplined and non-drilled force when opposed to highly-trained—as regards barrack-yard drill—soldiers, must surely teach the authorities of the War Department a lesson, and that is that for the wars of the future something more than mere precision of movement in forming fours, marching, and wheeling, must be aimed at in the training of the British army. In short, it is evident that skill in the use of the rifle *must* be fostered if our troops are to hold their own. To read of the manner in which the cannon were silenced by rifle fire, of the whitening of the guns with lead, of the almost instant downfall of prominent officers, almost causes the blood to congeal at the mere idea of the deadly hail of lead that can be directed upon a given point by a body of "marksmen," using the term in its true sense. The mind is apt, under such circumstances, to speculate upon the horrible slaughter which would be inflicted upon an enemy by the body of men—the two thousand odd Volunteers—the pick of the rifle shots of the United Kingdom—who annually compete for the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon. Very few of the 50,000 or so shots that are sped across Wimbledon Common in this all-important contest, even at the longer ranges, would fail to hit a squad of four men standing side by side, while but few indeed of the shots fired at the shorter range of 200 yards would miss the head and shoulders of an enemy's skirmisher peering and firing over a rock as the Boers are now doing with such deadly effect, but with apparently tolerable impunity to themselves. Even in the heat of action a skilled "shot" would instinctively "draw a bead" upon some object, and thus do dire execution, while men who cannot shoot are sure to fire wildly, and aim at nothing, merely pointing and firing their rifles generally in the direction of the enemy, not even "shooting into the brown," so to speak. Any one who has watched soldiers going through their annual course of musketry can readily understand how it is that the rifle fire of our troops is so ineffectual, and how some 500 or 600 men could fire seventy rounds each with the meagre result in the shape of casualties on the enemy's side attained in the recent fight at Majuba Mountain. The obvious moral is that more attention must be paid to training in actual firing ball in future, even if it should be needful, in order to do so, to neglect to some extent the time-honoured "Manual," "shoulder arms," "order arms," "port arms," &c. These motions look very pretty for a review, but are woefully useless in a skirmish with expert shots.

THE NANA SMALL-POX MASK was the cheerful novelty of the Viennese Carnival.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES would seem to be sorely needed in Russia, to judge from the description of the drinking propensities of the Muscovite workmen given by a correspondent of the *Times of India* on his way through Russia. Some fifty labourers who were in his train going to work in the naphtha hills on the Caspian, were so constantly drunk that the engineer in command had to interpose between the men at every station, while within a very short distance from St. Petersburg three men died from the effects of excessive drinking.

AN INTERNATIONAL HUNTING AND SPORTING EXHIBITION is to be held at Cleves, in Rhinish Prussia, from June to October next, and promises to be highly interesting. Amongst the exhibits will be specimens of fire-arms and implements of the chase, from the earliest age to the present day, models of sporting dress and equipment in different countries, collections of stuffed animals, skins, horns, &c., of traps and snares, fishing accoutrements, and of all objects connected with hunting in all its branches. Not the least agreeable portion of the Exhibition will be the dog show and the sporting excursions into the surrounding woodlands,—Cleves being admirably suited for this purpose.



MARCH 12, 1881

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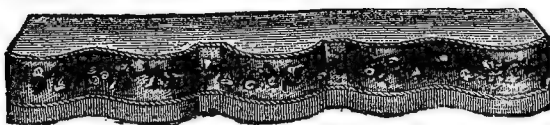
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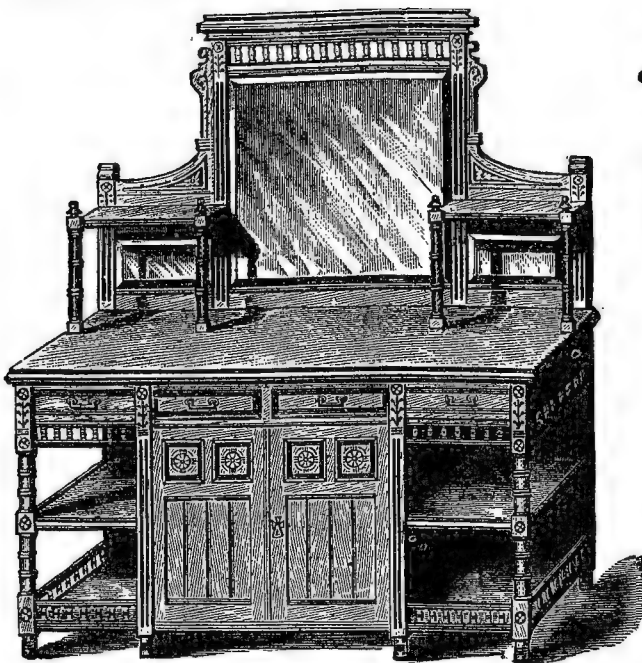


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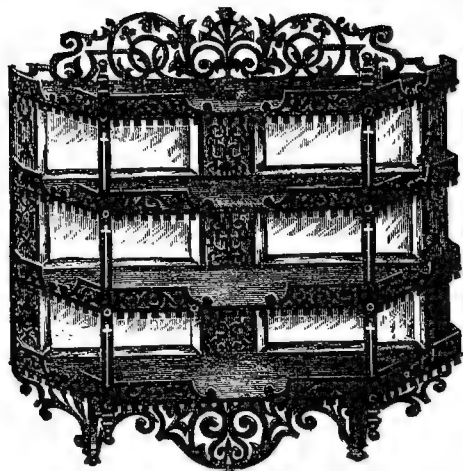
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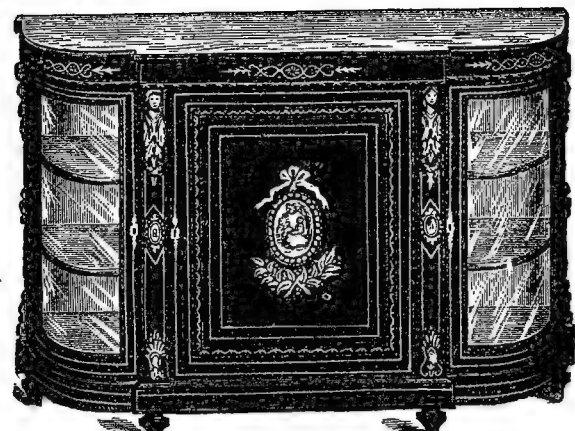
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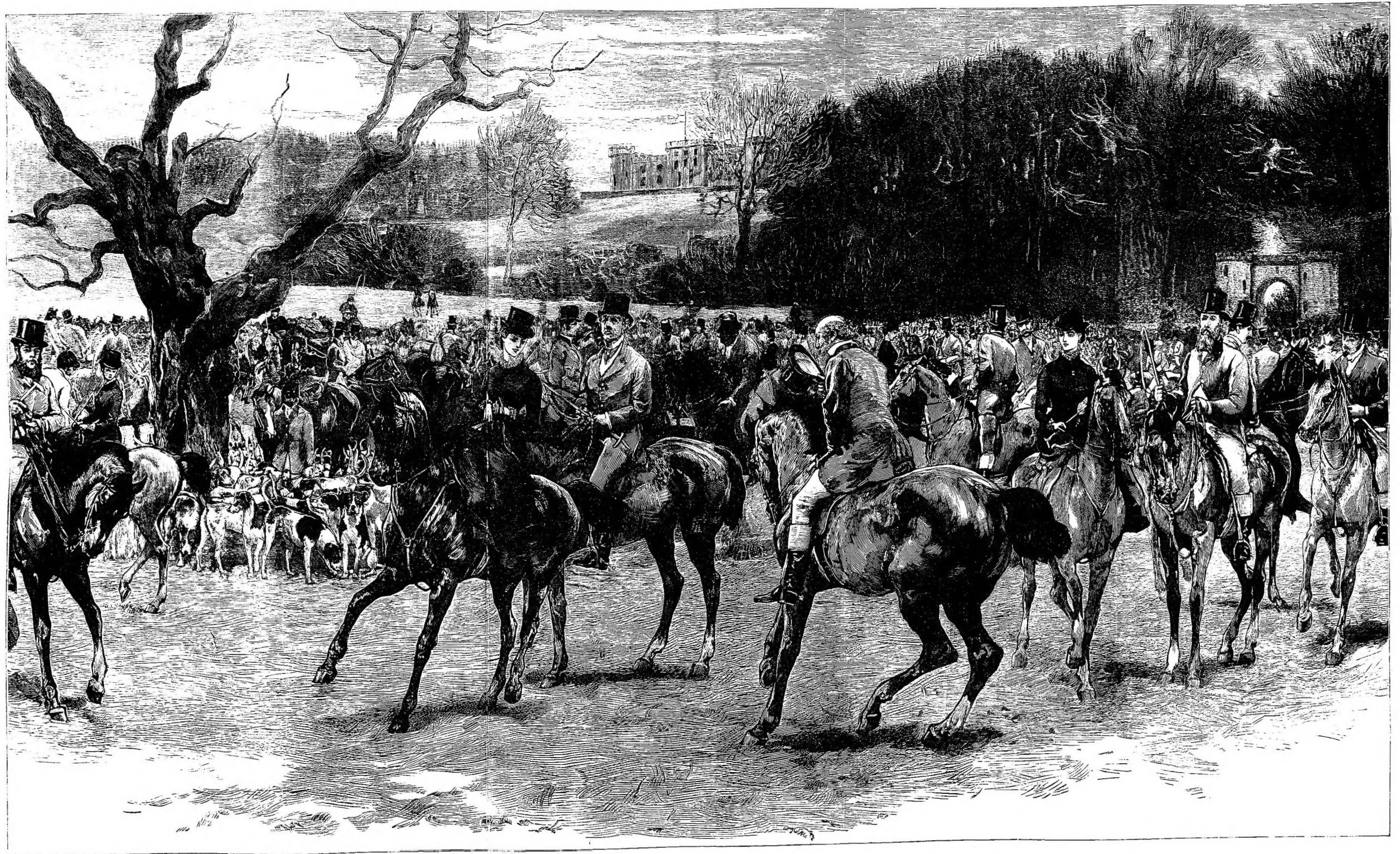
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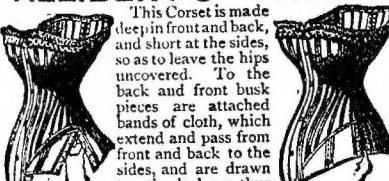


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"Out of 4,199 LONDON FIRES  
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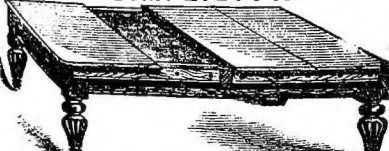
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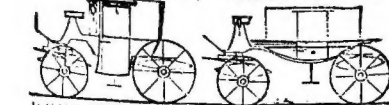
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an one for the money. You can make any use you like  
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every way. It is an excellent timekeeper, very neat  
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have great pleasure in recommending your watches, as  
I do not think anybody should be without a watch when  
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OF VYSE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.  
Supply their celebrated Watches direct to wearers, at  
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These WATCHES are frequently sold for treble the  
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BEAUTY, GRACE, SYMMETRY.

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GREAT EASE and COMFORT in WALKING,  
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Wholly superseding every other form of garter.  
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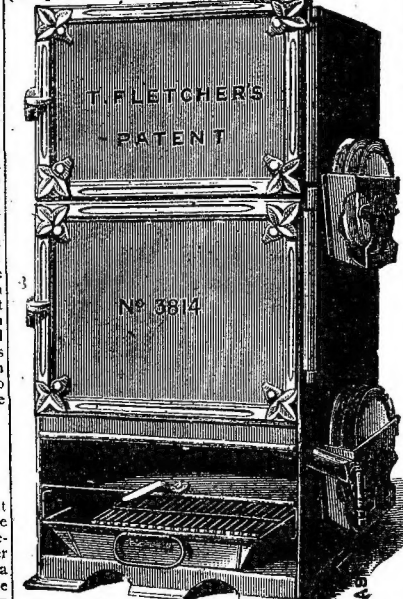


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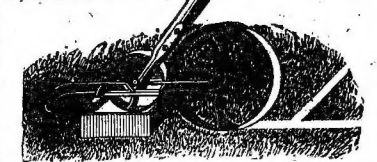
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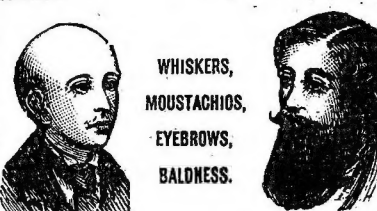
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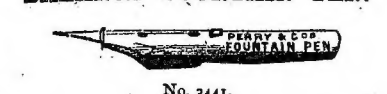
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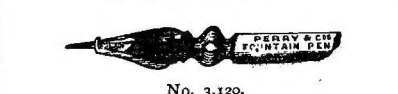
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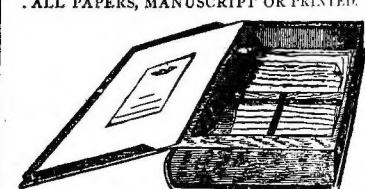
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